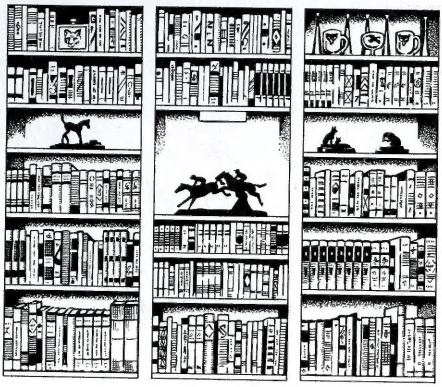

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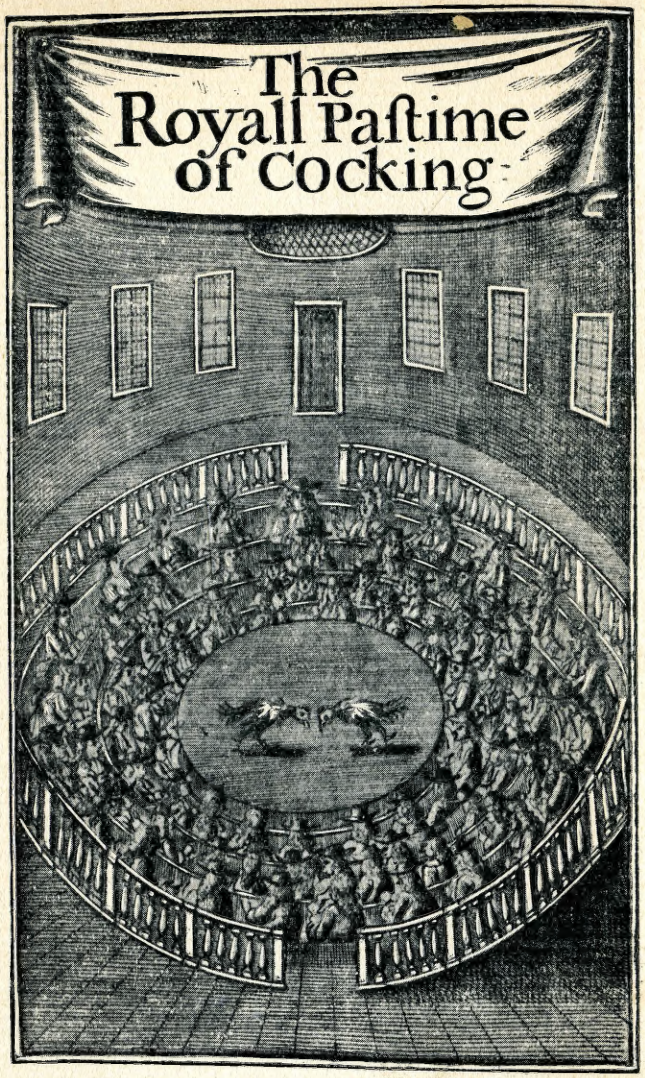

The
Royall Paſtime
of Cocking

THE

ROYAL PASTIME

OF

Cock-fighting.

OR

The Art of Breeding, Feeding, Fighting, and Curing Cocks of the Game.

Published purely for the good, and benefit of all such as take Delight in that Royal, and Warlike Sport.

To which is Prefixed,

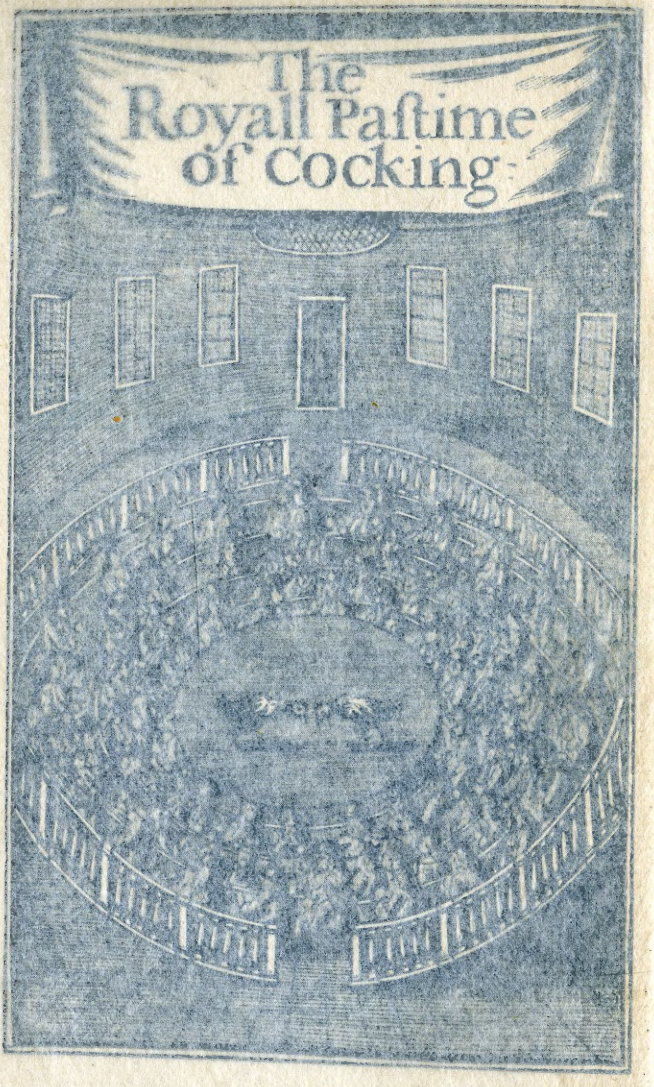
A short Treatise, wherein Cocking is proved not only Ancient and Honourable, but also Useful, and Profitable.

By *R. H.* a Lover of the Sport,

and a Friend to such as delight in Military Discipline.

Omni vocitas meus oft, O Fidentine Libellus,
Sed male cum recitat incipit esse tuus.

LONDON: Printed for *D. Brown*, at the Black Swan without *Temple-bar*, and *T. Ballard*, at the Mitre in *Little-Britain*. 1709.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A ſhort Treatiſe, wherein Cocking is proved not only Ancient and Honourable, but alſo Uſeful, and Profitable.

By *R. H.* a Lover of the Sport,
And a Friend to ſuch as delight in Military Diſcipline.

Quem recitas meus eſt, O Fidentine Libellus,
Sed male cum recitas incipit eſſe tuus.

LONDON: Printed for *D. Brown*, at the Black Swan without *Temple-bar*, and *T. Ballard*, at the Riſing-Sun in *Little-britain*. 1709.

To the Right Worſhipful Sir *T. V.* Knight.

Worthy Sir,

I Preſume I need not here inſiſt upon the long acquaintance, and friendſhip that has paſſed betwixt us, to preſs you to the Patronage of this little BOOK, when there are ſo many other conſiderations that in a manner force it upon you, as having a certain right to it; *Cocking* being not only to you a hereditary Divertiſment, which for many Ages together has by you Valiant Anceſtors been carefully handed down to their Poſterity, with marks of the greateſt love and Honour imaginable, as when your loyal Grand-father lay Bleeding and Dying on his Turfey Beed, was thus (like a good Subject) heard to ſay, *My King and a*

good Cock I ever loved, and like a good Cock in my dread Sovereign's ſervice I ſhall now expire.

Alſo your Prudent Father and both your Uncles from their Infancy were great admirers of the Noble *Science* of Cocking.

And you your ſelf in the Morning of your Days, took to the Royal Sport, and cloſely followed it for many Years: even till mighty *William* call'd you forth to ſignalize your Vallor in the Bloody Iriſh Fields of *Athlone*, and *Cannough*, where you cut through the Squadrons of the affrighted French, and made the Howling *Teagues* fly to the Boggs for ſhelter.

And after this, you in the very depth of Winter, croſt thoſe dangerous *Atlantic* Seas, came home, and with your Friends and Tenants your good Neighbours, and old Acquaintance that flocked about you to your Mannor-houſe, where you a noble Chriſtmas kept, the Rich you highly treated, and the

Poor

Poor were daily at your Gates relieved: each Rank according to their Quality you kindly entertained; till Spring approaching, and the rude allarms of War once more required you to take up Arms and fit your ſelf for *Flanders.*

A Fatal Pit to many a Gallant Cock, a Bloody Spot of Ireful Ground, on which the fierce *Bellona's* Shambles ſtands: Hither you early came prepared for Fight, and firſt at *Charleroy* you dy'd your Sword in Gallic Blood, and with your Flaming Blade, cut your own way ſtraight to *Gemblours*, from whence to *Charlemont* you forced the *French* to Fly.

And laſt of all before *Namure;* what mighty Vallour did you there diſplay? a Limb you loſt, yet limping ſtill Fought on, and charged as unconcern'd as if you had had no Wound upon you, untill his Majeſty was Pleaſed to give particuler orders to have you brought off, and ſent to *Bredah*, where

long you lay under the Surgeon's Hands e'er you obtained a Cure: after which Winter coming on, the Camp broke up, and the Armies on both ſides were sent to their Winter-quarters, and his Majeſty King *William* returned to the *Hague* where you at laſt alſo arrived with Crutches, and there laid down your Arms, kiſs'd the Kings Hand, and had a good Place at Court conferred upon you in the room of your Commiſſion.

So that now you only wait at certain times, for which you are well rewarded, and have the Liberty of retiring to your Pleaſant Country Seat, where now you ſpend moſt of your time amongſt your Friends, and old Acquaintance, and reap the Comforts of a rural life, amidſt two or three Loyal toping Souls, many good Cocks, and rich *October* Liquor: with which you oft times guild the good old Doctor's Noſe, and raiſe the Pious Preachers Voice ſix Notes higher in

the

the Afternoon, than in the Morning.

For though you daily take your Bottle, and Cock, as long as the Seaſon laſts, yet you ne'er fail to attend the Man of God, when Sunday comes, early you to the Temple Ride, and there before the Alter offer up your Orizons with all the fervency immaginable, and in the Afternoon, when by the Sexton call'd, you bring the Prieſt back in your Coach well refreſhed by a good Dinner, and a cheerful grace-cup after it, which enables him to perform Evening ſervice briskly, and with a Laudable Voice pronounce a Bleſſing on you when the Veſper's over.

Nor do your Tennants and poor Neighbours fail to pray for your long Life, and good ſucceſs in Cocking, the only Sport you take delight in: And to ſpeak Truth, you may really be ſaid to be the only perſon of this preſent Age, that Practiſes *Cocking* rightly, and follows

follows it purely for the end it was at firſt intended.

And therefore it was truly that I thought there was no Perſon ſo fit as you, to be the Patron of this enſuing Treatiſe; wherein I have not only made common to the World the many and different ways of *Breeding*, *Feeding*, and *Fighting* both of the great, or Game Cock (as we call them) and of the little Match-Cock alſo, with the ſeveral Diſeaſes incident to them, and the moſt approved Medicines that are now made uſe of, both to prevent, and cure each Mallady, and that by the ableſt Cock-maſters at this Day in the known World.

I have alſo proved Cocking to be both Ancient and Honourable, and to the present Age (if rightly made uſe of) greatly profitable, and have plainly laid open the Malice and Ignorance of all such as endeavour to villify, and beſpatter it, ſhewing the Weakneſs of their Arguments, and the true Motives that

engage

engage them to ſpeak againſt Cocking.

And though ſome may think me too Copious in Etimologizing upon the right end, and uſe of this moſt Ancient and Honourable Exerciſe of Cocking, whilſt others no leſs blame me for expoſing to Plebeian view, thoſe Miſteries in Breeding, and Dieting, which commonly coſt young Gamſters ſo dear, e'er they arrive at the true knowledge of.

But to paſs by ſuch as theſe, and give the World to underſtand that I have no other end in Publiſhing this enſuing Treatiſe, but meerly, and purely to promote the Noble and moſt Heroic Exercife of Cocking: And at the ſame time to acknowledge my ſelf, moſt Worthy Sir, your Worſhip's moſt Real, and moſt faithful Friend, and Fellow Cocker

R. H.

THE

THE PREFACE.

HOW *happy were thoſe Sons of Men, who in times paſt were reputed Perſons indued with that noble Gift,* aut ſacere ſcribenda, aut ſcribere legenda, *that is, either to do ſuch things as deſerved to be writ, or to write that which was worth the reading: Now that this enſuing Treatiſe is worth the reading, and practiſing too, notwithſtanding the little Eſteem and Value, that the preſent Age affords it, I ſhall endeavour to prove both from the great Antiquity, and Uſefulneſs of this noble Sport of Cocking: A thing eſteem'd ſo Sacred, and held in ſuch high Veneration amongſt the Antients, that, as* Diodorus Siculus *teſtifies, the Fighting-Cock was*

 reckon'd

Diodor. Sicul. *lib.* 1. 18. *reckon'd one of the principal Gods worſhiped by the* Syrians.

R. Da. non diſſentit. *And* Rabby David, *a learned Hebrew Doctor, interpreting the* 2 *of* Kings ch. 17. v. 30, 31. *where* Nergal *is ſpoken, of which is* (*as he ſays*) *a Cock of the Field, a Champion Cock, a Cock for War, or a Fighting Cock, and by them there Worſhiped as a God in* Samaria. *Which at once denotes the high Eſteem and Value, with the great Antiquity alſo, of theſe Warlike Birds. And* Athenæus *and* Dioſcorides, *both of them acknowledge the Fighting-Cock to be one of the Deities which the antient* Greeks *did greatly Adore. And that in their time there was an Altar found in a Vault far under Ground, whereon had been engraven'd a Cock, and inſcribed thus*

Athenæ. Dioſco. *lib.* 4.

DEO MOUNO.

Macro, *lib.* 1. *c.* 31. *Which, as* Macrobius *alſo affirms, ſignifies One, or Only; and this Attribute they gave to the Cock, becauſe he was the greateſt, and almoſt the only Deity they Ador'd, the reſt being accounted but his Aſſiſtants, and Coadjutors.*

And

And Pliny *in the tenth Book of his Natural Hiſtory, ſufficiently ſets forth at large, the high and mighty Value and Reſpect that the antient Romans bore towards Fighting-Cocks, ſays he there*:

Theſe Birds about our Houſes are our Centinels by Night, Nature has Created them to awaken and call Men up to do their Work; they have alſo a Sence and Underſtanding of Glory: Moreover, they are Aſtronomers, and know the Courſe of the Stars, they divide the Day by their Crowing, from three Hours to three Hours; when the Sun goes to Reſt, they go to Rooſt: And like Centinels, they keep the Relief of the Fourth Watch; in the Camp they call Men up to their careful Labour and Travel: They will not ſuffer the Sun to riſe and ſteal upon us, but they give us warning of it: By their Crowing, they tell us the Day is coming, and they foretel their Crowing likewiſe, by clapping their Sides with their Wings. Ye ſhall Plin. *chap.* 21.

ſee them to march Stately, carrying their Neck bolt upright, with a Comb on their Heads, like the Creſt of a Soldiers Helmet; and there is not a Bird beſides himſelf that ſo oft looketh aloft to the Sun and Sky; and hereupon it is that marching thus Proudly as they do, the very Lyons (which of all wild Beaſts be moſt Couragious) ſtand in Fear and Awe of them, and will not abide the ſight of them.

So that hence may be inferred the great Uſe and Benefit that the Romans made of theſe vigilant Aſtronomical Monitors; Experience plainly taught them, what would be difficult to make ſome now-a-days to believe, Namely, that the Fighting-Cock is a Bird in himſelf both uſeful and profitable, as I ſhall prove more fully anon, to the ſilencing of all thoſe whom Ignorance prompts to ſay any thing againſt it, for you know the abuſe of a thing ſhould not take away the right uſe of it; and if ſo, I don't doubt but to clear the Point, againſt any one that ſhall oppoſe me herein; but before

before I leave this famous Philoſopher, ſee here what Plinie *yet farther ſays of Fighting-Cocks*: — They are great Commanders, *ſays he*, and Rulers, and are made for War and Fighting; and the Countries from whence they firſt came, are grown into Name, being much renowned for their Breed, as namely, *Tenagra* and *Rhodus* in the firſt and higheſt Degree: in a ſecond rank and place, be thoſe of *Melos* and *Chalcis*. And unto theſe Birds (for their Worth and Dignity) the Purple Robe at *Rome*, and all Magiſtrates of State diſdain not to give Honour. Theſe rule our great Rulers every Day: And there is not a mighty Lord or State of *Rome*, that dare open or ſhut the Door of his Houſe, before he knows the good Pleaſure of theſe Fowles: And that which is more, the Soveraign Magiſtrate in his Majeſtie of the Roman Empire, with the regal Enſigns of Rods and Axes, carried before him, neither ſets he forward, nor reculeth back, without Direction from theſe

Birds; they give order to whole Armies to Advance forth to Battle, and again command them to ſtay and keep within the Camp.

Theſe were they (*ſays* Plinie) that gave the Signal, and foretold the iſſue of all thoſe Famous Foughten Fields, whereby we have Atchieved all our Victories throughout the whole World: In one Word, theſe Birds command thoſe Great Commanders of all Nations upon the Earth.

Their Crowing out of Order too ſoon before their Hour, or too late, portendeth alſo, and preſageth ſomething remarkable, for well known it is, that by their Crowing at one time all Night long, they foreſignified to the *Bœotians*, that noble Victory of theirs atchieved over the *Lacedemonians*. For this Interpretation, and Conjecture was given thereupon of a Fortunate Day (*ſays* Plinie) becauſe that Bird never Croweth if he be Beaten or Overcome.

And at *Pergamus* every Year there is a ſolemn ſhew, exhibited openly to the

the People, of Cock-Fighting, as if Sword-Fencers were brought within the Lifts to Fight at Outterance.

And Strabo, *in* Purchaſes *Pilgrimage, extolling the Great and Royal exerciſe of Cocking, whence ſo many Benefits accrue to Mankind, if well obſerved, ſays alſo, that at* Pergamus *there was yearly Spectacles of Cock-Fighting offered where the Princes, Nobles and Gentlemen both old and young were ſure to be, for as much as from hence they gathered not only and barely Courage and Audacity: But alſo did ſee the great neceſſity of a firm unſhaken Reſolution, with Perſeverance and Stability of mind, even to the laſt Minute: So that by the Example of theſe unparallel'd Birds, the People in thoſe Days were extimulated and ſpurred on to Great and Generous Enterprizes.* Vid. Pur. Pil. cap. 16. pag. 329.

Nor did the Roman Empire *ſhrink ſo long as Cocking was eſteem'd in* Rome. *And 'tis reported of that Subtle, and moſt Victorious Emperor* Severus, *that when he was determin'd to Conquer (if poſſible)* Great Britain, *that to draw* Vid. Meſſalon. lib. 2. cap. 9.

off his two Sons Antonine *and* Geta, *from the Bewitching Vanities of the Theatre, and to prepare them in Mind the better to bear the many difficulties and hardſhips, that they muſt of Neceſſity undergo in the Proſecution of ſo great and bloody an Enterprize, as the ſubduing even* Thule *in ſelf, which was then deemed the utmoſt Region of the* North ; *he commands the Sport of Cock-Fighting, to be exhibited Dayly before his Sons, and the principal Officers of of his Army, and that not only to make them emulous of Glory through the Performance of great Atchievements, but alſo to be firm and unſhaken in the midſt of Dangers, nay in Death it ſelf.*

And really were Cocking now-a-days exhibited to the People of this present Age wherein we live, by the ſupream Powers and Potentates of the World, for political ends. And certain Orators appointed at the ſame time to Comment thereupon, and in florid Speeches, Ductarious to War, and Marſhal Exerciſes, and inſinuating into the People the great magnanimous Temper and Diſpoſition of

of theſe Heroic Birds, with variety of Inferences drawn from particular Paſſages and the great Eſſays that they diſcover to a judicious Eye, in their way and manner of Fighting. I Queſtion not but Cocking would now produce as good Effects as then it did, and influence the Britiſh *Valour to greater Things, than ever* Roman *Courage yet dared to Attempt.*

Some Inſtances of this Practice, the Ingenious Nocoli-di-Conti *has given in his Hiſtory of* Sumatra. *This Kingdom is not only one of the greateſt, but is alſo the moſt eſteemed of all the Eaſtern Iſlands, inſomuch that the Indians call it* Tenariſem, *or the delicious Land.*

And for the Inhabitants, if we may credit, not only Di-Conti, *but alſo Sir* Ed. Michelborne *and Sir* James Lancaſter, *Men of Renown in Queen* Elizabeth's *Days, and Famed for their Valour and great Integrity; theſe Knights, both of them, averr the* Sumatrans *to be a People truly Valiant and Magnanimous, and not only more Subtle*

and

and Politic, but alſo much more Juſt and Honeſt than any other of the Indians *whatſoever.*

None ſo much loved and courted, none ſo much by Enemies feared and dreaded, throughout all the Eaſt, *as* Sumatrans *: where particular care is taken for the promotion of Cocking ; for they annex ſtately Buildings to their Fanes and Temples, where they keep at public Charge, divers Fighting Cocks, which are brought forth, as the People come to Worſhip, and are fought in a ſpacious Court Eaſtward, on the Right-Hand of the Door of the Houſe of their Gods : after which a certain Prieſt skilled in Cocking, and approved for his great Ability in Aſtronomy, and all natural Philoſophy, having a voluble ready way of ſpeaking, firſt takes up the conquering Cock, after the Battle is over, and preſents him to their Deities, and then comes and takes up the ſlain Cock, and puts him into a Golden Cauldron, where he bathes his bloody Limbs in Sankereen ; and then, with rich Gums and Spices, burns his Body upon an Altar*

Altar made for that purpoſe; after which his Aſhes are put carefully up in a Golden Pot, or Urn, there to remain for ever: And then the Brammen, *or Prieſt makes a long Speech to the People, ſhewing the Excellency of Cocking, and the great Uſe and Benefit of it to all ſuch as know how rightly to apply it, and Expatiates much upon the preſent Combate, drawing divers Inferences from the various paſſages and Tranſactions made use of by the late Foughten Cocks, ſhewing alſo the great Magnanimity, Courage, Skill, and Conſtancy of theſe Warriours.*

And laſtly, he applies it ſo Pertinently to all that are preſent, in Terms ſo fit and ſuitable, that it conduces greatly to their Edification, grounding in them a firm and ſtable temper of Mind, with an unſhaken Valour, whereby they are now truly ſaid to be a People Invincible; And verily I am of Opinion, that from hence at firſt came that Saying ſo common amongſt us ſtill, viz. He is gone to Church to ſee a Cock-Fight: *And at this Day there are di-*

vers

vers Places up in the Eaſt *where Cocking is accounted a thing Sacred, and in great Use amongſt them, as* Magellan *aſſures us.*

Iſac. Pontac. *ſic.* *For, ſays he, both in* Borneo, Calegan, *and* Pulaoan, *Cocks for the Game are kept, and are of Sacred uſe amongſt them, but eat not of their Fleſh, that being forbidden by the* Bramens, *or Prieſts.*

Vid. Sele. *in* Golch. *That great Man, the highly Celebrated* Selden *obſerves Cocking to be a thing of great Uſe, and much admir'd by riſing Marſhal Men, who with keen Swords cut out good Fortune to themſelves, from the doubtful Loyns of Fate. And there is not a ſurer ſign of a Nations or Peoples degenerating into effeminacy, and ſo conſequently falling into Poverty and utter Ruin, than when they totally change the Warlike Exerciſe of Cocking for mimical Plays, ſilly Dancing, and ſuch like Fopperies.* Rome *it ſelf was a ſad Inſtance of the Truth of this, when the proud* Eagle *ſtrip'd off all her Gaudy Plumes, lay naked and expos'd*

to

to the Rage, and Fury of the depopulating Goths *and* Vandals.

Guſtavus Adolphus, *when he came to reſcue the then King of* Denmark, *out of the* Tallons *of* German *Power, told the diſtreſſed Prince, that he had now nothing to fear, ſince he was well aſſured that the Imperialiſts had given up the Gantlet, and had nothing left but a fringed Glove for their Guard, for inſtead of Cock-Fighting (ſays he) and Martial Exerciſe, they ſeem wholly to be devoted, and given up to Effeminate Dancing, and inervating Drunkenneſs, two Infallible Signs of a ſinking People, as that Warlike King full well obſerved and after with his Sword made good what he then ſaid, which wrought ſo upon the diſtreſſed* Danes *at that time, that they have been Noted ever ſince to be very great Cockers.*

And Sir William Corly, *who for ſome Years together was Reſident in the Daniſh Court, aſſures his Country-men that a right bred Engliſh Cock, was at that Day accounted a Bird of Impreciable value in the Court of* Denmark, *and*

that

that not only the young Princes, but the then preſent King Chriſtian *himſelf was a great Admirer of the royal Sport of Cocking, inſomuch that they not only appoint ſet times (ſays he) but do also hang out coſtly Enſigns, and Rich Flags, whereon is portrayed both the place, and alſo the very Geſture of the Cocks, as they at* Rome, *to which we find* Horace *alludeth*;

——————— Velut ſi
Revera pugnent, feriant, vitentq; moventes
Arma viri. *Horat. lib. 2. Stat. 7.*

Their Cockings alſo are attended with variety of Martial Aires, and loud Bellonian *Notes, with preparatory Sounds of War, which firſt uſher in the Cocks unarmed into the Pit, where both they and the Weapons with which they are to fight, are expoſed to the view of all the Spectators that are preſent, after which they are taken up, and immediately heeled, and then ſet down to Fight.*

For

The Preface.

For when a Cock of the Game is firſt brought into the Pit, to be ſhown, he only makes a Flouriſh, and takes a lofty turn, or two. But when he is heeled, and put in for the Battle, they then compoſe their Bodies according to the rules of Art, for the better warding of themſelves, and the readier wounding of their Adverſaries. And this the late King Chriſtian *the Firſt, of* Denmark, *was pleaſed to take Notice of at public Cocking, where he profeſſed that the Royal Sport, ſo ſweetly Sung by the* Mantuan *Swan, upon* Aſcanius *Son to* Æneas, *who firſt brought it out of* Troy, *was only an imitation of Cock-Fighting. — Thus the Poet.*

Vid. Virg Æn. 5.

Hunc morem, curſus, atq; hæc certamina primus
Aſcanius, longam muris cum cingeret Albam,
Rotulit & priſcos docuit celebrare Latinos.

See here, *ſays the King*, how the Cocks Advance now one againſt another,

ther, ſometimes retiring, ſometimes purſuing, ſometimes in one Form, and ſometimes in another, what variety of Strokes, what Diverſity of Fight is here ſhown in this one Battle; were I to lead an Army againſt the Grand Infidel of *Conſtantinople*, I would chuſe none but Cockers for my Commanders; nor ſhould any common Soldiers be utterly Ignorant of this uſeful Exerciſe of Cocking.

So great an Eſteem had his Majeſty the late King of Denmark *for Cocking. And that famed Hero, the young* Swedeland *King, at the Head of a Handful of Men, cuts through the frozen* Muſcovites, *and makes the Haughty* Czar, *amidſt his mighty Numbers tremble, and beg for Peace, reſolving never hereafter to draw his Cimiter againſt a profeſſed Cocker, as his* Swedeiſh *Majeſty is notoriouſly known to be, and has been from his very Cradle almoſt.*

And the great Hector of Europe, *the moſt Chriſtian King,* Lewis *the Fourteenth of* France, *is ſaid to complain*

plain of nothing ſo much as the want of Cocking in his Country, where the Climate is ſuch, that a Cock of the Game cannot bear the ſerenity, or rather the over Sharpneſs of the Air, which penetrates the otherwiſe hardy Bodies of theſe Martial Birds, to ſuch a degree, that in a few days time they become ſo dull, heavy, and heartleſs, that they have no mind to Fight, and quickly after fall into ſome incurable Diſeaſe, ſuch as the Black-Sickneſs, *the* Roop-evil, *and the like, of which they ſoon die.*

Yet in the hotteſt Climates in the World, in the moſt Burning Regions, ſuch as Frying-pan Bay, *and alſo in the Frigid Zone, where ever-laſting Winter ſeems to dwell, are Cocks of the Game frequently known both to Live, Breed, and Fight, and that as well as in any of the moſt Mild and Temperate Climates of the World, where they are kept,* France *and one part of* Spain *only excepted, which is a Wonder, and the natural cauſe a Secret as yet undiſcover'd.*

In Holland *they are common, and Cocking is there greatly practiſed, and much encouraged by the States: And really it were to be wiſhed that our own Nation were but as much inclined to countenance and encourage ſo innocent an Exerciſe as Cocking, and how great would the benefit be, if in nothing elſe, the good effects of it would ſoon be ſeen in this, that it would divert the Engliſh Gentry from effeminate Dancing, Whoring, and Drinking, which are three Evils grown now almoſt Epidimical.*

For want of Cudgel-playing, and Cocking, Men take to Drinking, and Dancing, and now wear Swords more for ſhew than Service: a Basket-hilt, with a Blade three Inches broad, ſuch as our Valiant Anceſtors had wont to wear, is now derided by the effeminate Fops of our Days, who chuſe to hazzard their Lives and Fortunes in the fatal Arms of a diſeaſed Miſtreſs, rather than venture a puſh at ſingle Rapier, or take a turn at Back-ſword with a skilful Antagoniſt, where

with

with their flaming Blades they might hew bright Honour from the Errors of their Adverſary, and gild their memories with Applauſe in immortal Date.

And verily a better expedient to rouſe the drowſy Courage, and thaw the frozen Vallour of a People lull'd with ſoft Eaſe, and degenerated into baſe and ſervile Effeminacy, there cannot be found out than Cocking.

Next to which Sword-play, and Wreſtling are the moſt Laudable and Maſculine Recreations, and after theſe Hunting, provided it be a Chace that has ſomewhat of Audacity in it, as the Lion, Bear, Wolf, or Boar, *all which are Bold and Noble Chaſes.*

But to run Whooting after a poor timmérous Hare, *or ride mading over Hedge and Ditch in purſuit of a* Fox, *that perhaps has pinched two or three* Geeſe, *or ſnap'd a* Lamb *from ſome unwary Shepherd, and is therefore by* Diana *doomed to Die and briskly followed by her rural Maids, dreſſed up each in her Cap and Feather, but*

for the Sons of Mars, *to be drawn forth after ſo feeble a Chaſe, is really a very mean, and but little better than a baſe ignoble Divertiſment, that ſpends a Man's Time, waſts his Treaſure, and profits him nothing: whereas Cocking fits a Man either for Peace, or War, and creates both Courage, and Conſtancy, with Good-nature, and ingenuity all glued together, according to the Poet, where he ſays thus;*

——and ſome more Martial are,
But Cocking fits a Man for Peace, or War;
It makes Men bold and forward for the Field,
And learns them there rather to die than yield.
Cocking does alſo Conſtancy create,
And arms a Man to Wreſtle with his Fate;
Be it more happy, or ſevere, his Mind,
Is ſtill the ſame to a brave end inclin'd.

And

And Cleveland *in one of the ſweeteſt Poems that ever was Pen'd, tells us,*

Heaven-born-boys that in Cocking delight,
Are ever true-hearted and conſtant in Fight.

And verily in all my life, I never knew that Man yet that was a Perfidious Man, or a real Coward, and yet loved Cocking intirely, ſo diſſonant is Cocking, and Cowardice, nay ſo inconſiſtent they are with each other, that it is Morally impossible for a Coward unfeignedly to love Cocking, and therefore ſome timerous Souls to avoid the odium of Cowardice, have feigned a liking to Cocking.

And how any one can prove Cocking to be unlawful, or wicked, I cannot imagine, ſeeing God Almighty has no where declared againſt it, neither has any Nation under Heaven ever made any Law againſt it, but divers have been made for it.

If

If not for Combate, why was the Fighting-Cock created? why has he that extraordinary hardneſs and vallour peculiar to him alone given him? and for what other end was this Stout and Daring Champion made, if not to Fight? the common Dunghill Cock eats as well, and breeds as well, or better, and is as good about a houſe, and as uſeful in all other reſpects (Fighting only excepted;) ſo that if they were not made for that end, they had this excellency beſtowed upon them in vain, and the Royal Bird that in valour ſo far excells all other penigerous Creatures muſt be but a uſeleſs thing at beſt.

But 'tis plain Nature intended the Fighting-Cock to be a Bird of great uſe, and benefit to Mankind in ſeveral reſpects, as has already been ſufficiently noted: for this Bird by his Fighting teaches Man Skill, and prompts him to be Stout and truely Valiant.

And though perhaps ſome few that underſtand not the right uſe of Cocking, may follow it for ill ends.

But

But what's all this to the purpoſe? I would fain know, ſhall an innocent practice be forbidden to all, becauſe ſome particular Perſons make ill uſe of it? what think you, did that ſober King do well, when he commanded all the Vines in his Dominions to be cut down, and by that means ſtarved all his Subjects, becauſe ſome few of his Slaves were Drunk?

But muſt Cocking therefore be laid aſide, becauſe ſome do abuſe the greateſt Bleſſings? no, by no means, but rather where we have one Pit now, let us have two for the time to come; and as we ought, let us improve this Exerciſe for the general good of Mankind, to which end it was undoubtedly intended.

Thus I think I have fully proved this Sport to be very honourable, and of ancient ſtanding, and a thing in itſelf both Useful and Profitable.

THE

THE *ROYAL SPORT* OF COCKING.

AMongſt all the Pleaſures and Delights this lower Sphere affords to Mortals here on Earth, there is nothing more taking with the Heroic, and truely generous Soul, than the Noble and moſt Princely Paſtime of Cock-fighting, which really is in it ſelf a Recreation becoming the greateſt Potentate, and ſurely moſt ſuitable to all ſuch whoſe natural Genius prompts them on to ſignalize their Valour in the Field of Honour, where like the Cock fitted for Battle, with their bright Arms they move their Fortune

Fortune, and ſo raiſe themſelves to the higheſt pitch of Glory.

So lively an Emblem of true Valour is the well bred-Cock, that he is not to be parall'd amonſt the many Creatures which the Wiſe Creator of all things has been pleaſed to make Man the Lord and Maſter of.

No Bird can with the well-bred Cock compare,
No Creature leſs than Man ſhall with him ſhare;
The Honour bravely won by dint of Sword,
From fierceſt Foes in open Field where Blood,
Flowing from dying Warriours fatal Wounds.
Breeds richeſt Rubies in Bellona's *Grounds.*

Obſervable it is, that the beſt and braveſt Men have ever had a high Eſteem and Value for the Fighting Cock, by reaſon of the Warlike Pleaſure which he affords to Couragious Men, who joy in nothing

nothing more then to ſee him hew it out in Blood to the laſt drop: And though reduced to the loweſt Ebb of Fortune, yet even then to ſtruggle with Fate it ſelf, upon the very brinks of Death, for Victory.

But having in the foregoing Preface fully treated of the great Antiquity, Innocency, and Excellency of the Fighting Cock, I ſhall now as briefly as I can, ſet down ſuch neceſſary Rules, and Obſervations, as are moſt requiſite to be underſtood by all that practiſe the Royal Sport of Cocking: and that I may prove the more ſucceſsful in the enſuing diſcourſe, I ſhall endeavour to obſerve ſuch a Method as may be moſt agreeable to the end at which I aim.

Now my deſign herein, is not barely to illuminate the underſtanding of ſuch, whoſe want of Experience in the Art of Cocking has made them mindleſs of the admirable Creature, and, poſſibly out of pure ignorance, to ſpeak ill of they know

know not what, for *Nemo ſcientiæ Inimicus niſi ignorans.* Nor do we find any more apt to inveigh againſt Cocking, than thoſe that leaſt underſtand Cocks.

And therefore I have alſo here extracted ſuch choice and rare Secrets from the beſt and greateſt Cock Maſters, both Ancient and Modern, as may ſerve to fortify, and improve the skill and knowledge of thoſe Gameſters which are already arrived at, and come up to a conſiderable pitch of underſtanding in Cocking, inſomuch that I am apt to think the moſt skilful Maſter will not grudge at the Mony laid out upon this Book, and if ſo? then ſurely the unexperienced will have no cauſe to complain, who hitherto for want of good Inſtructions in this Art has been deprived of the greateſt delight, and the moſt ſolid Pleaſure that this lower Sphere affords to Men of Valour.

Of

Of the Qualifications of a Game Cock.

NOW for the Election of theſe Royal Warlike Birds, for that is the firſt ſtep in Cocking, you muſt note that there are four things chiefly to be obſerved in your choice of Cocks, *viz. Courage, Cloſe-heels, Shape, and Size.*

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1. *Of the Courage of a Game Cock.*

AND firſt I ſhall begin with Courage, which is a thing ſo abſolutely neceſſary in a Cock of the Game that without it he can be nothing worth; and therefore be ſure in your Election of Cocks to ſecure to your ſelf ſuch as have good Blood in their Veins, that is, ſuch as are really and truly hard, Cocks that will carry on a Battle to the very laſt, and utmoſt extremity, againſt all the diſadvantages imaginable, and though cut down and

choaked

choaked in their own Blood, yet even then will riſe and ſtrike, or peck at leaſt, till they expire, and die: For truly I am of opinion that theſe Cocks that happen to be worſted in their Fight ſo far as to be diſabled, and put paſt ſtriking, and do then ſtand like ſtocks without pecking, or making any reſiſtance whilſt their Antagoniſt hews them down (though they die upon the ſpot) yet are they nothing worth, ſeeing they want the true Valour, and innate Courage, which does indeed peculiarly belong to the right bred Cock, who never fails to ſtrike, or peck whilſt he has either Blood or breath left in him.

But here methinks I meet with ſome green Gameſters that will tell you that they can with impunity paſs by the Cowardice of a quick or cloſe ſtricken Cock, and that I am too curious in exacting ſo much Courage from a Creature which is diſabled, and put paſt the hopes of Victory in all probability; for their parts,

parts, all that they deſire of a Cock is to cut betime, and to convert his heels *Argent* into *Gules*, by which they oft get the field *Or*, and that is as much as they deſire; but as for hewing it out to the laſt drop of Blood, and ſtriking or pecking when they are paſt ſtanding, is a piece of ſuch Gallantry (diſplay'd by a dying Animal) that they do not underſtand the bravery of, moreover they will perhaps farther tell ye, that the Author of the Compleat Gameſter is altogether of another opinion.

But to ſilence ſuch noiſes as theſe in a few Words, for no man that's veterane in Cocking will be of this Opinion, ſeeing experience daily teaches us the contrary, and for that Gentleman that writ the Compleat Gameſter, ſpeaking of Cocks, does indeed give the preheminence to cloſe heels, that is cloſe ſtriking, but when that's done he requires true Courage, and abſolute hardneſs in a Cock, without which he tells

ye

ye that he is not worth one Peny.

But however, I muſt needs tell you, that Author is no great Conjurer in the Art of Cocking, nor is he much to be regarded where he tells you that a ſharp heeler that is ſoft, is to be preferred before a Cock that is hard but flat heeled, ſeeing both are to be rejected, in my Opinion he might as well have ſaid nothing: but he had been yet more ſhallow, had he maintained or ſet forth, any thing that had but looked like the want of Courage in a Cock of the Game, for how many Hundred Guinys has there been won by Cocks cut and mangled Blind, Lame, and laid down for dead, when from their dying ſprunts they have borrowed an unexpected blow, which has ſo far wrought upon their Adverſary, as to give the ſeemingly vanquiſhed Cock the Victory, and on the other hand, who has not ſeen divers deep heeling Cocks at a few blows cut thro' more than three parts of the Battle, and

and then meeting with ſome ſlight Wound which has cauſed them baſely to skut, and run away, looſing at once their Maſter's Coin, and Credit too, and all for want of being hard, and true-bred at the bottom, wherefore I adviſe all ſuch as are deſirous to be compleat Cock-maſters, in the firſt place to have reſpect unto the true Valour and hardneſs of a Cock.

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2. *Of a good Heeler.*

AND Secondly, Sharp Heels claim your Care, and Regard, for ſhould you have a Cock as hard as Steel, and one that will ſtrike as many blows as there are Stars, or ſingle Sands betwixt *Dover* and *Calis*, yet if he fall too ſhort, or ſtrike too wide, and ſo fail to Point; what avails his vigorous Holds and many Stroaks, when there no Execution follows? ſuch a Cock at firſt indeed may make a fair Show, and Fight a while with as much Grace, and ſeem-

ing Gallantry, as if he Pointed true, and ſo fool the forward Better out of his Mony, who ſees him act at preſent as if he ſcorned to be conquered by any thing but himſelf.

——— *Vt nemo Ajacem poſſit ſuperare niſi Ajax.*

But alaſs a little time will ſhew how vain ſuch a Cock's endeavours are, and withall diſcover to the Judicious Eye, the mighty difference betwixt a right Heeler and a Cock that cannot Point: And therefore I ſay, that next unto Hardneſs, and Valour, you muſt have reſpect unto Cloſe-heeling, that is true Pointing, not but there are many ways to help a Cock and make him Point well, that otherwiſe would do it but indifferently (as I ſhall hereafter ſhew) yet if he be not naturally a Sharp-heeler, and Point tolerably true of himſelf, you can never confide in him as otherwiſe you might, neither is he worth your keeping in my opinion

opinion, wherefore 'tis my advice, that in your Election of Cocks, you be very curious in examining their Lineage; and if you find their Progenitors were dull heel'd, wide, or ſhort ſtricken, by no means be prevailed upon to except of ſuch a Breed, but on the other hand, if you find they are deſcended from ſure Heelers, ſuch as have ever been noted to Point true, and Point well in the Battles, then boldly venture upon ſuch a Bird, and doubtleſs you will find the good effects of his generous nature, in the well diſcharging of his Battle, let him either Winn, or loſe: And as your Credit is hereby ſecured, ſo (if a right Cock-maſter) you are content, and better pleaſed to ſee your Cock die hard, and be handſomely beat, rather than baſely, or by meer chance, or the like to win his Battel.

For ſo ſometimes I confeſs it falls out, and tho' it be very rare, yet I have ſeen a falſe-bred, foul foughten Cock matched againſt a true

Heeler, which has carried the Battle, broad Gold to grey Groats, till on a ſudden by a meer chance, or as the vulgar Cocker terms it, by an unlucky Blow, the delicate Heeler has been Killed, and the worthleſs Warriour has won the Day, tho' little to his own, or his Maſter's Honour, for the Victory is wholly attributed to a meer Chance, and in ſuch a caſe nothing of Praiſe can redound to the conquering Cock. So that you ſee if you have an ill-natur'd Bird that to a wonder winns a Battle againſt a good Cock (which really is a thing that rarely happens) yet you no Credit gain thereby, and therefore you had better commit ſuch a Cock to the Pot, than to the Pit, and more Profit you will find in ſtewing him for the Table, than in ſtiving him for the Battle, when once you diſcover him to be a Bird defective in his Heeling.

But now notwithſtanding this that I have ſaid, yet is not every Flat-Heeler always to be rejected, for the

the moſt Eminent Cock-maſters of our Days are of opinion that if a Cock come of a good Race, and has true blood in him, and is not only freſh and full Feather'd, but alſo Sound and well ſhaped, that ſuch a Bird with a good Hen, will breed as good Chickens as need to ſtrike betwixt a pair of Wings, notwithſtanding that he himſelf hath not the knack of Pointing true in his Fight: wherefore he ought (tho' not for the Pit) yet for breed ſake to be preſerved, and wholly ſet apart for Procreation; ſeeing his Progeny ever proves good, and fit for the Field of War, if the Strain be croſſed in breeding. Vid. Bradbury *and* Willis.

And who then (ſay they) would Pot ſo fine a Bird, whoſe Sire was a rare Heeler, and perhaps a Brother or two of the ſame hatch, were as good as ever ſtruck, and for a need they'll undertake to find you Forty Cockers that ſhall ſwear it down upon any Pit in *Europe*, that what the great *Stagerite* maintained Vid. Ariſtotle.

concerning Men, holds good in Fighting-Cocks alſo, for (ſay they) you ſhall ſeldom obſerve a Chicken take after his Sire, when as nothing is more common than to ſee them in all reſpects imitate an Uncle, a Grandſire or ſome ſuch near Relation.

Now I confeſs this is a point of Philoſophy which ſome of our greateſt Cock-maſters maintain to that degree, that 'tis hard to argue them out of it: And therefore that I may not appear abſolutely repugnant to them herein, I ſhall only ſay this (and leave them to enjoy their opinion) that if a Flat Heeling Cock that is well deſcended, and come of a good race (according to the Maxim they maintain) ought to be priſed, and ſet apart for breeding; I am ſure it ought to paſs currant and unqueſtioned, as an Axiom in Cocking beyond diſpute, that a Bird that is right bred, and in himſelf a true Heeler alſo, is beſt and ſafeſt, if not the only Bird to breed on; for I

muſt

muſt allow room it ſeems for the Flat Heeler (if he be well deſcended) but when that's done, the beſt Pointer is the beſt to breed of, in my opinion.

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3. *Of the Shape of a Game Cock.*

NOW having furniſhed your ſelf with a breed that is ſtout and ſure ſtricken; ſee then to the Shape, and know that here you ought to be very nice and circumſpect, ſtrictly examining every Part, and if by the ſevereſt ſcrutiny you find your Cock to be foul Grown, or disproportioned, reject him as a Bird unhandſome to look on, uneaſy to Match, unwealdy in his Fight, oft times unfortunate in his Battle, and for theſe reaſons ever unfit for breed, and consequently unworthy of your care, or leaſt regard, notwithſtanding the Stock be never ſo good from whence he is derived.

And therefore I ſhall here delineate and ſet forth to you the true

Shapes pertaining to a compleat Cock in all reſpects, whereby you may be able with all the eaſe and facility imaginable, to diſcover the defects and imperfections of theſe Birds, and give a right definition of a Cock exactly Shaped, when need requires it.

And first I ſhall begin with the Head, which muſt be adorned with a lofty tow'ring Frontlet, or Comb, ſmoothly cut into the exact Shape of a Half Moon, ſo that riſing in the Middle, it ſerves both for a Guard, and an Ornament to the Royal Bird; his Beak, or Bill, ought to be crooked, ſtrong, and firm, of a middle ſize, and well jointed in his Head, with large Noſtrils therein: his Eyes ſhould imitate the Sparrow-Hawks, appearing quick, clear, and large; his Head ought to be round, ſmooth and ſmall; his Neck ſhort, ſtrong, and well cemented, with a full ſet of Feathers for his Mane, that are ſtrong and glittering Plumes, the better to ſet

off

off his Creſt, which ought to riſe a little in the middle: his Back ſtrong, crook'd, and big at the ſetting on: his Breaſt broad and large; his Body in all reſpects ſtrongly made, round, cloſe and well built, penipotent, freſh, and full Feather'd; his Legs ſtrong, clear, and impennous, and if a little crooked 'tis ſo much the better, for that always denotes a deadly Heeler; his Feet with a Frog flat, and ſmall therein; his Claws almoſt ſtraight, ſtrong and ſharp: and for his Spurs (ſo he have any) it matters not what they be, ſeeing they are now of no uſe, ſave only to ſet to the Weapons with which they Fight in pitched Battles. And as for the Colour of your Cock, that is the beſt which you fancy moſt, be it Black or White, Red or Dun, Grey or Piled, or any other Colour whatever: For though Captain *Markham* makes a great difference in the Colour of Cocks, preferring the Grey before the White or Dun, yet is there nothing in it, for the World affords

affords no better Birds for the Game than many of your Duns, and Whites prove, both for Hardneſs and good Heeling, as we daily ſee and experience.

The Scarlet colour'd Cock my Lord likes beſt,
And next to him, the Grey with Treſle-breaſt.
This Knight is for the Pile, or elſe the Black:
A third cries no Cock like Dun Yellow-back:
The Milk-white Cock with Golden Legs and Bill,
Or elſe the Cuckoo, chuſe you which you will:
Don Magnus *ſwears (of all) these are the beſt,*
They heel (ſays he) more ſure than all the reſt:
But this is all meer fany and no more,
The Colour's nothing, as I ſaid before.

And therefore without taking any notice of the Colour, I ſhall only hold you cloſe, to the afore-mentioned

ed ſhape as being the all, and only parts neceſſary to make up a compleat Cock.

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4. *Of the right Size of a Game Cock.*

LAſtly, having obtained a Cock that is hard, Sharp-Heel'd, and handſome ſhaped, it remains then that you pitch upon a fit Size for your purpoſe, for otherwiſe you will ſtill be at a loſs: Now tho' there be almoſt as many different Sizes, as there are ſeveral Cocks, yet are theſe Birds commonly reduced into two ſorts only, and diſtinguiſhed by theſe two general terms, that is to ſay, the great Game Cock, or Shake-bag, and the little Match, or Battle-Cock.

Firſt then of the Giant, or Herculean Cock called a Shake-bag by the *Engliſh*, and *Dutch*, but by the *Indians* they are called *Mag Chantille Champone*, and by the *Scotch*, who much eſteem theſe gude Birds, *Mag-Gal-And*, as *Baden* aſſures us; (ſays he) the word *Mag* ſignifies Great, or Mighty,

Mighty, both to the *Scotch*, and the *Indians*, and is derived from the Latin Word *Magnus*, and by *Gal* may be underſtood *Gallus* the Cock, and for the Word *And*, the Patron of their Country St. *Andrew* is meant, who was (as he tells you) not only a great and a gude Man, but alſo a mighty admirer of theſe Royal Birds, wherefore they call them *Mag-Gal-And*, that is, Mighty Cocks of St. *Andrew*, or, St. *Andrew's* great Cocks: Birds Powerful in Battle, *&c.* And the *Indians* from *Chanticleer*, draw the Word *Chantile*, and from *Champion* take the Word *Champone*, ſo that whereas they call them *Mag-Cantille-Champone*, they might more properly and with more Conciſeneſs call them only great, or Champion Cocks, which is all that is comprehended in their long jingle of Words.

Why great Cocks are called *Shake-bags*.

And Dr. *Wilde* gives this Reaſon, why theſe ſort of Cocks are called *Shake-bags*; here in *England* (ſays he) they are ſo termed from a Sottiſh Cuſtom that the Drunken *Dutch-*

men

men have who are great admirers of large Cocks, becauſe they may be Fought at a venture, without the trouble of Matching, and their way is (as he tells ye) to ſteep their own Brains in Brandy, till they are not only paſt judging of a Cock's Size, but alſo past handling of him too, wherefore they neither ſee the Cock they are to Fight with before hand, nor lay a hand upon their own, after he is brought into the Pit, but take the Bag by the bottom, and ſhake the Cock out at the Mouth upon the Pit, and ſo let him go againſt his adverſary, from which Cuſtom they are called *Shake-bags* here in *England.*

But this Etimology perhaps may appear impertinent to ſome who have not ſo great a regard to Cocks of the Game, as they deſerve, but for the more ingenious ſort of Men, ſuch I mean as are true lovers of Cocking, I know will think nothing too much that tends to the promotion of theſe Warlike Birds. And if ſo? ſeeing then the *Shake-bag* is a Cock judged able

The Shake bag Cock able to fight any thing.

able to Fight with any thing, and has this Excellency attending him above the little Match-Cock, that you are never put to the trouble of matching, which oft proves both difficult and dangerous too, unleſs you are very skilful in handling: Alſo the great Game Cock is the more profitable Bird in that he carries away the Prizes given by Public Houſes for their Cuſtom, which ſerves not only to defray the Charge of Dieting of them, but alſo pays for their Walk the Year following; And therefore it is, that theſe *Shake-bags*, or great Game Cocks are by ſome Men much preferred before the ſmall battle Cock, or little match Cock, call him which you will, and thoſe think themſelves the moſt happy (for the moſt part) that can gain a Bird of the largeſt Size, but in this they greatly err, who aim ſo much at Magnitude, ſ of *Shake-bags* the largeſt rarely proves the beſt, and a wonderful great Cock, ſeldom proves a Winning Cock; for they generally ſtrike over,

and

and ſeldom, or never come to Point until they are ſo weakened with their Wounds, that they can do no good, wherefore I adviſe them, who ever they be, that delights in Shake-bags, to make choice of a cock that is neither above Eight, nor yet under Six Pounds weight, when firſt he is brought up from his Walk and put to Feed (for afterwards he will weigh lighter if rightly managed) and with ſuch a Bird, if right bred and well Shaped, you may boldly venture to Fight the biggeſt Cock that ever trod upon a Turf; for 'tis two to one upon the leſſer Cock's ſide, becauſe he not only lies under the great Cock, by which means he is ſecured from almoſt all his blows, which for the moſt part are ſtricken quite over, but he alſo has the advantage of under holds, and having Strength withall to ſtrike Home, and Cloſe, he ſeldom fails to win, nor is there any thing more common than to ſee the unweildy Lubbers over wreſtled, and by far leſs Cocks cut down and conquered

quered, wherefore in my opinion, the Cock that weighs nine or ten Pounds, or more, and meaſures ſix or eight and Thirty, or perhaps nigh Forty Inches long, is by no means a fit Bird to Fight, for a well turned Cock of ſix Pound weight, ſhall with eaſe overcome ſuch a uſeleſs Rumbo.

Match not to be allowed in little Cocks.

But by the way, you muſt note, that this Rule in leſſer Cocks is not obſerveable, for altho' a Cock of ſix or ſeven Pound weight, have Strength and ability ſufficient to conquer a Cock of nine or ten Pound, yet it is almoſt impoſſible for a Cock that weighs but three Pound, to beat a Bird that weighs five or more, for, obſerve it, and you will find, that from a Cock of ſeven or eight Pound weight, down to the ſmalleſt match, or battle Cock that you can meet with, and he will with all the eaſe imaginable (when need requires it) bend himſelf in his Fight, and proportion his blows ſuitable to the ſize of the Cock with whom he contends, ſo that in ſhort he takes him in the

riſing

riſing, and commonly Rucks i ... ... the firſt coming in: And if meer chance prevent it not, a hold or two, ſerves to lay the little Cock dead upon the ſpot.

But to ſpeak no more of the Shake-bag, for truly notwithſtanding all that has been ſpoken in his commendation, yet is the little Battle Cock much to be preferred before him, and that amongſt others, for theſe Reaſons.

Why little Cocks are better than great ones.

Firſt he is eaſily reared, and far cheaper kept all along afterwards, for the little Cock requires no more nor better maintainance than the common Dunghill Cock, whereas the great Game Cock muſt be choicely nurſed and plentifully fed all his Life long, he knows not how to Labour nor will he ever learn to get his living, your hand muſt ſtill ſuſtain him or he comes to nothing, want quickly brings upon him the *Black-Sickneſs*, and the lazy lubber dies.

Secondly, the little Cock at a Year old becomes fit to Feed and Fight,

whereas the Shake-bag muſt be two Year old, or more, e'er he is brought into the Pit.

Thirdly, a Fortnights Diet ſerves the little Cock, whereas three Weeks is not ſufficient time to fit the great Cock for the Pit: and beſides all this, the little Cock not only requires leſs coſt and care, but alſo when he comes to Fight he affords you moſt Pleaſure and Delight, no ſooner is he ſet down, but like Lightning he falls upon his Enemy, Dances a Bloody round, and in his ſparring Capers higher than your Head, then links and never looſes 'till his hold breaks, or his Adverſary dies. They riſe and fall together, ſtill ſtriving to the laſt which ſhall ſtrike moſt, and hardeſt blows, Stabing each other without intermiſſion, till Death conclude the Combat. — O rare Birds! what Pleaſure upon Earth can equal this?

The way and manner of great Cocks Fighting.

But now the Shake-bag, or great Cock's way of Fighting I confeſs is very different from the little Battle-Cock, and in my opinion far leſs Delight-

delightful : for firſt when you ſet the great Cock down, he ſlowly moves towards the Warrior with whom he is to try his Fortune, and after twenty turns and hovers, perhaps he ſtrikes a blow, then ſtands again, and either pecks, or may be ſcraps the Earth, as if he meant to Fight no more, or elſe were willing to ſee the effects of his firſt blow, e'er he a ſecond ſtruck ; but firſt or laſt you ſhall have three or four of theſe long flights, and that he thinks ſufficient for ſparring ; for after this, with *Spaniſh* Gravity he ſtrides up to his Enimy's Beard, and takes a hold, and moſt irreverently there pulls and lugs him too and frô, to try whether he may with ſafety riſe and ſtrike ; for nothing baulks a great Cock more than a Fall, becauſe like Elephants, when down, they find it difficult to riſe ; wherefore they ſeldom ſtrike but when their hold is ſtrong, and then with their broad Lances they dig ſuch Orifices in each others bulky Sides, that like

a Cane drawn, when a Butt of Claret is ſet to Float, their ſtock of Blood flows forth, boyling in bubbles as it rolls along the ſurface of the Earth, till their Strength as well as Blood be ſo far exhauſted, that they are forced to ſtrike their Beaks into the Earth, and makes their languid Necks help to prop up their Sinking Bodies : ſo that ſet thus a little to bleed their laſt, the Handler he ſteps in, and with a pinch behind, hopes yet to make the dying Cock to riſe and ſtrike at all, though ten to one he nothing hit : however, if he but peck, it ſerves to prolong the time, and ſhews the hardneſs of the Creature, which indeed is all, and in my opinion the only Excellency that pertains to Cocks of this ſort, and Magnitude.

But to leave every Man to his liberty, to make choice of which ſort of Birds beſt pleaſe him, I ſhall proceed in the next place to ſet down ſuch neceſſary Rules and Obſervations as ſhall be requiſite to be underſtood

ſtood by all ſuch as are deſirous to be absolute Maſters in the true way of breeding theſe Royal Birds, both Match-Cocks, and Shake-bags.

How to breed up Game-Cocks.

SO then, if you are deſirous to breed a Cock of the Game, whoſe delicacy of Shape, and Excellency of Heels, whose admirable hardneſs, and moſt exquiſite deportment in all reſpects, may not only prove pleaſing, but alſo profitable to you: Imprint theſe ſubſequent Lines in your Memory: ſo that when you come to breed a Bird of this ſort, you may not be wanting or unacquainted in thoſe Miſteries practiſed by the ableſt Maſters, in the World at this day, in the Noble Sport of Cocking.

Of Cocks and Hens to Breed by.

FIrſt then know that the Cock which you intend to breed of, muſt be a Bird well deſcended, right-

ly Shaped, and ſure Heel'd, he muſt alſo be Healthful, Freſh, and full of Feathers, nor let ſo much as his Tail be cut, for that greatly helps a Cock in his treading whereas the want of it many times cauſes Eggs to be defective, and prove adle, and come to nothing.

And now in the next place we come to the Hen which you purpoſe to breed of, for above all you muſt be exceeding careful herein, and therefore ſhe muſt either be the Mother, or Siſter of ſome admirable Cocks, who have been known to ſignalize their Valour in the Field of Honour, and not only they, but alſo their Progenitors to have been Champions renown'd for their Heroic deeds, your Hen alſo muſt be rightly Shaped, Healthful, Freſh, and full of Feathers, and for her Age it ought to be very different from that of the Cock, for if the Hen be old, then muſt the Cock be young, but if the Cock be old, your Hen muſt be young; and by no means let them be

To Croſs the Strain in breeding is beſt.

be too near of Kin, for out of Brother and Sister, or Father and Daughter seldom or never good Cocks are bred, for they either prove thin, weak and ill Shaped, or else dull and false Heeled, and for the most part prove soft, and are apt to skut, if ever they come to be hewed, especially if they are great Cocks, for you must be much more cautious in breeding of them than you need be about the little match-Cock. And here note that *February*, *March*, and *April*, are the only Months for breeding, if you are for great Cocks : but if for small Cocks, *June*, *July*, *August*, or any time indeed serves for them, provided you allow them to be full a Year old before they Fight ; but for the Shake-bag, he must be two Years old at least, before he comes into the Pit.

When to breed great Cocks, and at what Age to Fight your Cocks.

Of the Place proper to Feed at.

BUT whether you breed big or little Birds, when once you have

have pitched upon your Cock and Hen for that purpoſe, ſee that you place them at a private Walk, where they go undiſturbed and free from the moleſtations of other Poultry: for if a neighbouring Cock do but happen to come within the confines of your Walk, he may do you a double diskindneſs ; firſt by putting upon you a ſpurious breed, a hatch of ill-natur'd Baſtards of his own getting ; ſecondly, by Bathering of your Cock, ſo as to render him unfit for breed, and make his Chickens nothing worth. For when once a Cock is ſurfeited, he either fails to tread, or if he does tread, he is ſure to get diſtempered feeble Chickens ; and a Cock is this way the moſt apt of any to take a deadly ſurfeit, for being both foggy and full of Feathers, he is ſoon heated and overſtrained, and for want of Stiving, his Blood grows ſtagnant, congeals, and becomes glutinous, not being able to circulate as Nature requires, for the carrying off of ſuch humours

humours as are by this means raiſed to ſo contagious a degree, that the whole Fabric of his Body becomes deeply infected with a Pluretic, or ſome ſuch like Malady, which ſeldom is diſcovered in time, and ſo for the moſt part proves incurable : ſo that you may ſee by what has been ſaid, that another Cock is not to be endured within Crow of your breeding Walk, nor indeed other Hens, though there be no Cock with them, for they alſo in a great meaſure will be injurious to your Breed : For a Cock is a moſt ſolacious Creature, naturally Hot, and extreamly luſtful, and when prompted thereto by variety of Mates, he is apt to over-tread himſelf amongſt his freſh Miſtreſſes, whilſt thoſe you intend him for, have leaſt of his Strength beſtowed upon them, and aſſure your ſelf this, that theſe Chickens which are thus got but in part, will prove but to the halves; and therefore when you have a Cock, and Hens to your mind, ſee that your

your Walk be ſecure from all other Poultry before you turn them down to breed, and in no caſe put above two Hens to your Cock at a time, if you would have your Chickens luſty and ſtrong ; your Walk alſo ought to be well watered and to yield a competency of Meat, both for your Cock and Hens during the time of treading, for as they ſhould not be kept low and poor, ſo neither may they be fed Fat, for that will render them unfit for Procreation, making the Cock to tread ſeldom, and to yield but little Seed, and the Hens no leſs guilty of falſe conceptions bringing forth abortive Eggs without Shells, filled with nothing but Wind and ſlimy Matter, which never comes to good, and therefore your Hand must here be gauged.

Of

Of the Place proper for the Hens to lay in, and the manner of ordering the Eggs.

NEar unto the Rooſt, which ought carefully to be ſecured from all ſorts of Vermin, if you have the conveniency of putting up a little Tablet, or Garret, where ſome artificial Neſts may be made to entice your Hens to lay there, I would adviſe you to, for the better ſecurity of your Breed: And when your Hen firſt begins to Lay, if you are deſirous to have her ſit quickly, let all her Eggs remain together in the Neſt, only do you carefully ſee to the turning of them once a Day, until ſhe ſits, and afterwards alſo, if the Hen do not ſave you that trouble, which you may know by marking an Egg, if you do but take notice when ſhe is off her Neſt, but if you would have good ſtore of Eggs, and are in no haſt of your Cock, then only let the laſt Egg remain in the Neſt, to entice her to come

come there again to lay, and take the reſt and put them carefully up into ſome Wheat-barn, in a Baskit, Pan, or little Tub fit for the purpoſe, and there keep them with turning, and that very gently too, until you find your Hen inclineable to ſit.

The Hens that lays the Eggs beſt to ſit them.

And let me here warn you never to ſet your Eggs (if you have any regard for them) as ſome ignorant Perſons do, under Crows, Turkeys, Ducks, Dunghill Hens, or the like, for certainly, there is nothing that more depraves a gallant parcel of Eggs, than putting them under ſuch Hens as thoſe, who differ ſo much in nature from the Bird that layed them: And this is ſeen by ſuch as are Crow-hatched, for tho' the Egg were got and laid by the beſt Cock and Hen in the World, yet ſuch a Bird when he comes to Fight do nothing but lug, and pull, and hardly ever ſtrike as he ought to do; and if they are Duck-hatched, then they will ſtrike ſhort, ſnutter, and be always upon their Noſes: And as for thoſe that

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are hatched under a Dunghill-Hen, if ever they are put to it, to Fight in Blood for the Battle, 'tis ten to one that they skut, and run away, being in Nature more hers that ſat them than they are the Hen's that laid them, for we reckon the Egg after it receives the Tread, to be Nouriſhed but nine Days by the Hen before ſhe lays it, whereas the Hen that ſits it, is twice as long before it be hatched, ſo that from hence it may reasonably be inferred, that the Chicken is more the Hen's that ſits, and Hatches it, than hers that laid the Egg, but ſat it not; and therefore, I chuſe rather the Chickens that are Hatched by the ſame Hen, that laid the Eggs.

Runners and Standers not good to breed together.

Know alſo, that if you take Eggs of a Hen that comes of a Strain proceeding from a ſtraining Fight, and put them under a Hen to Hatch them that is by Nature a Runner, your Chickens will prove meer Mongrils, and have a kind of nodling Fight with them, which is by no means com-

commendable in a Cock of the Game, and for this Reaſon, never put a Cock that has a ſtanding Fight to a Hen that is of a ſhifting Breed, for ſuch Birds rarely prove well foughten when they come to be tried.

Broody Hens commonly hated by the Cock.

Now when your Hen is diſpoſed to Sit if you can with conveniency remove the Cock from that Walk, it will be a thing very grateful to your Hen, who now no more delights in the Company of the Cock, nor the Cock in hers, ſhe ſlights his Court-ſhip, and by her froward carriage oft times provokes him not only to diſmantle, and ſtrip her of her Plumes, but alſo deprive her of her Life, unleſs ſhe quit her ſelf better in her eſcape, for Broody Hens are ever hated by Cocks of the Game, eſpecially ſuch Cocks as have in bloody Battles been engaged: but a Young unfoughten Cock is not ſo dangerouſly cruel towards a Sitting Hen, and therefore be farther truſted eſpecially when the Walk cannot well be ſpared.

How the Chickens are to be brought up.

DUring the time that your Hen Sits you muſt be careful in this, that when ſhe comes off her Neſt, ſhe may readily meet with her Craw full of good ſweet Oats, and freſh Water, but give her no Barly until ſhe have hatched; and in her abſence from her Neſt be you careful to turn her Eggs if need require it, and ſee that no Hawk haunt the Houſe whilſt the Hen Sits: and when ſhe is hatching you must be very diligent in taking away her firſt Chickens from her, leaſt ſhe quit her Neſt too ſoon, and leave many of her Eggs unhatched: give to each Chicken a little bit of White-bread, and dip their Bills in new Milk, and then put them into a Basket of Sheeps Wool cloſe covered, and place it by the Fire until Night, at which time you muſt alſo feed them again as before, and ſo put them under the Hen as ſhe Sits upon her Neſt, to hurk them all Night,

Night, and the next Day when ſhe comes off her Neſt with her Flock, be they more or leſs, you muſt be ſure to put them into ſome dry warm place, where plenty of Groats, Ground-malt, and such like Food may hourly be offered unto them, and a ſhallow Sawcer of new Milk ſet for them to drink and bibble in, and at the Fort-nights end give them only Barly to eat, and freſh Water to drink, and now (if it may be) let them have the benefit of the Sun, and be admitted to walk in ſome Court, or Garden, where they may bather and duſt themſelves in ſome Sun-ſhiny Bank, or Sandy Walk, which is a thing that much delights and forwards Birds of this ſort, and as their Strength increaſes let their Walk be enlarged, but withall remember that Weeſles, Cats, and Kites are mortal Enemies to these young Duellers, and that a naſty Sink, or Dunghill-hole is a moſt deſtructive thing to Chickens, for they endanger, and breed ill humours in the Body, cauſing the Roop,

Rot-

Rot-gut and ſuch like dangerous Diſeaſes to come upon them betime, which are Maladies ſeldom or never cured; and therefore a walk that is clean, and dry, is ever to be beſt eſteemed for breeding Birds of this kind. But for Perfuming either the Chickens, or the Room where they Rooſt, or by way of Antidote, to give them the blades of choped Leeks, Skellians, or ſuch like things, to prevent the Roop, and other Diſeaſes, proceeding either from foul feed, or ill ſmells, are things in my opinion altogether needleſs, and may as well, or better be let alone, than made uſe of; for certainly they avail nothing towards the preſervation of Health in Birds of this ſort; for when once they are able to eat it, give them but their fill of good Barly, and freſh Water, with once in three Days a handful of Wheat, or bread crums, and a clean Walk to range in, and you need do no more, for thus managed you will ſee them thrive and come to your Hearts content.

Perfuming needleſs.

When

When Cocks ſhou'd be Dub'd and Penn'd.

LET them Walk till the young Cockerils begin to diſagree, and when once you find they are inclineable to quarrel, and raiſe up civil-Wars amongſt themſelves, you muſt ſpeedily take them up, and if they are ſtrong enough, cut their Combs and Wattles, and not before; for if you cut them too early, there will be no Comb remaining either to grace or guard the Head, and he'll look ſo Capon like, that you will hate to ſee him when turned into the Pit. But on the other hand, if you let them wear their Wattles a Year, or may be five Quarters, as ſome unwiſely do, they will then be heavy headed, and in ſpight of Fate muſt needs looſe a World of Blood, which of all things is the moſt hurtful to a Cock of the Game; and, therefore, as you may not before a Quarter old at ſooneſt, ſo you may not exceed three Quarters at the fartheſt, before you

you dub your young Cocks, for the Reaſons aforeſaid : And in cutting, if you obſerve this for a Rule, to leave the Comb round like a Half-moon, it will make the Cock appear as it were Roman-nos'd, or Hawk-bill'd, and will not only be a good guard to his Head, but will render him much handſomer to look upon : Whereas cloſe cutting makes them appear ſneaking, and alſo much weakens the Beak of a Cock, and by that means many times looſes the Battle. But when you Cut, or Dub your Cocks, be ſure to put them up into the Pens for a Week, or more, until you find their Wounded Heads begin to ſhell and heal ; and this impriſonment will be of double advantage to the young Cocks, for it will both acquaint them with the Pens, and give you the advantage of often handling of them, which is the moſt compendious way to make them become tame and gentle, without which qualification, or good property, a Cock (tho' never ſo well bred) is not

to be truſted to Fight for any conſiderable Wager: for ſhould he come to be ſett, it is ten to one he skuts, and bafely quits the Pit, and that more for fear of being handled by the feeder, than hurt by the other Cock, and ſo looſes the Battle for want of prehandling, and being made tame, and gentle before he comes to Fight: And therefore, as 'tis a moſt notorious Crime in a Cock of the Game to be wild or ſhie, ſo it is as weak and ſilly in a Maſter, to Fight ſuch a Bird, before he be familiaris'd, and made bold and gentle.

When Cocks ſhould be ſet out to Walk, and where.

AND now in the next place, after this Penning, and his Wounded Head is got well, you muſt ſend him to a Walk, where (like an abſolute Monarch) he may Reign without controul, and be beyond the hearing of the hourly challenges of neighbouring Cocks, which

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Is a thing apt to ſtir their Choller, and therefore it is that Captain *Markham* ſo much commends a Lodge, a Grange-houſe, or Mill, becauſe that, for the moſt part, they are places remote, and far from Neighbours. And as you are always to chuſe a Walk that is grac'd with Solitude, having green Fields, or pleaſant Meadows on one hand, with Mountainous, Hilly, dry Ground on the other, and a murmuring Brook, or twatling Rivelet, or in their ſtead ſome pleaſant Pools, or Ponds of clear ſweet Water, with a good Barn-door, or elſe ſome loving Hand from the Houſe that may daily afford plenty of Corn, eſpecially if the Cock be large; So ſhould you, if possibly you can, avoid the having of too many Hens in your Walk, for look how many above ſix your Cock walks with, ſo many Mates has he too many; and, indeed, had he but two or three it's enough, and the Walk would be the better: for many Hens make a Cock to tread often, and

much treading greatly debilitates a Bird of the Game, and makes him feeble when he comes to Fight; tho' length of time and good Feeding will much reſtore a Cock that is decayed by hard Treading.

Of a proper Rooſt for Cocks.

AND now for the Rooſt of your Cock, which is one of the choiceſt things you are to look after in his Walk, for it makes or marrs a Cock I aſſure you ; and therefore know, that there is nothing better than a Beam, or broad Struncheon, wraped round, and cloſe with well twiſted Thum-ropes of Hay, into which he may ſet his Claws, and by that means hold himſelf faſt without ſtradling, or lying wide with his Legs : Whereas if his Rooſt be either ſmall or narrow, he is forced to ſit wide, and gripe hard, to hold himſelf on ; and this many times ſpoils a good Cock, and makes him not

not worth a Groat, that might otherwiſe have been a Jewel of impreciable Value ; and therefore be ſure to be very careful and curious in the Rooſt: and ſee that the Floor be not too hard on which he is to light when he is to deſcend from his Rooſt, for that will be apt to break his Claws, and bruiſe his Feet, and make him Club-footed, and Gouty ; neither is it good to give a Cock Meat either upon a Brick, Plaiſter, or Boarded-floor, for that will much harm the Bill, or Beak of a Cock, making it blunt, and dull, and many times breaks it quite off, to the ſpoyling of the Bird at preſent.

Of Sparring young Cocks and its uſe.

AND here by the way give me leave to recommend to you the frequent ſparring of your young Cocks: I confeſs 'tis a thing practiſed by few or none, and by the generality of Cock-maſters judged injurious and hurtful, and therefore much declaimed

claimed againſt ; yet notwithſtanding all this, I have practiced it for many Years, with good ſucceſs and advantage ; And do conſtantly affirm it to be one of the greateſt helps that can be conferred upon a young Cock, provided it be performed by a Skilful Maſter, whoſe care and diligence may be manifeſted in the well ordering of the Cocks in theſe their early heats : And a better way I know not than this, which I have ever obſerved, and been very ſucceſsful in.

Firſt then, after you have placed a young Cock ſome little time at his Walk, where he Reigns like a ſupream Lord and Maſter over all, without the leaſt controul, or moleſtation from any Antagoniſt, then take a Brother, or ſome other young Cock, as near to his Age and Size as may be, and go to this his Walk, and there, after having ſecured their budding Spurs, by putting them on little Hutts made for that purpoſe ; *Take* Ive-berry-leaves, Ground-Ive-leaves,

bruiſed

bruiſed with Herb of Grace, Sweet Butter, *and the fine Powder of brown* Sugar-Candy, *mix theſe well, and make them into Pills as big as a large Bean,* give to each Cock a Pill, or two, and then turn them down in ſome green Field or Paſture, where they may run if they pleaſe, and by hard Wreſtling and Sparring, heat themſelves until they begin to cloſe, and come to mouth it ; then take them up and looſe their Hutts, and bag them cloſe, for ſhould you permit them longer to Combat, they will by heavy ſtrokes bruiſe and bather each other, and with deep mouthing diſplume themſelves, and thereby make the damage far greater than the advantage would have been, had they been rightly managed.

Now the Bags wherein you put your heated Cocks, muſt be well lined with Rie Straw, and ſet in ſome warm place, for three or four Hours at leaſt, and ſuppoſing it then near Rooſting time, take the Cocks out of the Bags, and give to each a White-

White-bread Toaſt, ſoaked in warm Urin, for there is nothing that tempers and cleanſes a Cock after Sparring better than ſuch a Toaſt. Alſo let the Head and Feet of the Cocks be well ſuppled, and bathed in warm Urin, and then put them up to Rooſt to the Hens, and ſo leave them to their Walks.

And thus if you serve your young Cocks once, or twice a Quarter, until they come to be of Age, fit to put up to Feed, you will find the good of it, in that they will grow both skilful and cunning in Fight; their Wind will be lengthened, their Sinews grow ſtronger, and their Joints more plyant, and flexible, and they in all reſpects more able, and powerful in Fight by much, than ſuch as perhaps have hardly ſeen a Cock, or at leaſt ſeldom or never been Sparred until they come to be put up and Dieted for Battle: And truly hence it is that we often ſee Cocks that have been well bred, Fight but very indifferently the firſt Battle, and come

come off but poorly, and all for want of early and often Sparring before they come to Fight.

The method of Dieting, & feeding Game-Cocks.

BUT having gone thus far in Cocking, I ſhall in the next place, proceed to give ſome directions to know and underſtand the beſt way and means made uſe of by the ableſt Cock-Maſters of theſe times, in the way of ordering of Cocks, when put up to be Fed, or Dieted for to Fight: For I have often grieved to ſee a gallant Cock meerly loſt and caſt away for want of good feeding, and at the ſame time been no leſs ſorry for the Owners of ſuch Cocks, who perhaps were Gentlemen of Worth, and Quality, that delighted in the Royal Sport of Cocking, and with a World of Care and Coſt, have brought up, and reared Cocks to be fit for feeding, and then unfortunately have put them into the

the hands of ſome unskilful Raſcal that ſhall pretend to be a Feeder, tho' he know no more than a Horſe, how to Diet, or Order a Cock he ſhould be Ordered to Fight. And hence it is that many an honeſt Gentleman looſes his Mony, many a good Cock his Life, and both of them their Credit, and all for want of a good Feeder.

Now that no Gentleman Cocker may ever hereafter daſh upon this common Rock, on which ſo many have been ſplit, provided they keep to the Directions given in the following Pages, wherein they ſhall find all the Secrets and moſt hidden Miſteries in Cock-feeding, laid open to them in terms ſo plain and eaſie, that they ſhall be able both to correct and inſtruct the mercenary Feeder, who Diets Cocks for Hire, and heeds not how they ſpeed, when once they are out of his hands, and perhaps knows as little how to manage them as they ſhould be whilſt they are in his Cuſtody, and therefore to prevent your giving

giving of Mony to have your Cock marred, or that you may not pay for his being Pined inſtead of being Fed (as divers have done) or if not ſo, perhaps ſuffocated thro' too hot or too high Feed, and want of due Sparring with other ſuch like injuries, too often put upon poor Cocks, by ignorant unskilful Feeders, I ſhall here make known to the great greif and ſorrow of all ſuch ſelfish narrow Soul'd Cock-Maſters, who have made it their buſineſs rather to conceal, and lock up, than to divulge and make known the rare Art of Feeding.

And take it thus: Firſt when your Cocks are brought up to feed, ſee that they are freſh, full, and fine in their Feathers, and that their Wings are ſtrong and good; Examine alſo their Legs, and Feet, whether they be clean, unclubed, and free from the Gout, and ſuch like ſwellings, and have all their Claws, and whether their Bill, or Beak be firm, ſharp and ſtrong; what plight of Body they are in, whether they look rud-

dy

dy about the Head; and if ſo (provided they are of Age) you may then cut their Tails, and put them into the Pens to Feed: And let the firſt Meat that you give them be of a cleanſing, drying quality; and therefore good clean, dry Barly that is ſweet and free from Seeds, Spirt, or Mouldings, is a proper Food enough for the three firſt Days, with freſh Water to drink along with it.

When and how to Sparr your Game-Cock.

And now let them be luſtily Sparred, and long Stived, eſpecially if they are Fat, and full of Fleſh. But if a Cock be poor and low in caſe, you muſt then be more moderate, and not Stive, and Sparr ſo hard, leaſt you over do him, and perhaps quite Kill him, or at leaſt worſt him ſo far, that he may not recover it again of many Days, and therefore beſure ſtrictly to examine what plight your Cock is in before you either Sparr or Stive him, and ſee that after you have hutted your Cocks, and by that means

means ſecured their Heels, forthwith then give to each Cock a Pill, or Roll as big as a Walnut made up in two or three Parts, and prepared in the following manner.

To make the Scowering Pill.

Take of white *Sugar-candy*, *Rosemary*, *Fetherfew*, *Ground-Ivy* bruiſed, mingle theſe with Sweet Butter, let the *Sugar-candy* be finely Powdered, and let theſe be well incorporated together, and juſt before you give the Cocks theſe Pills, put them into warm Urine; and theſe will cleanſe a Cock of Greaſe, add to his Strength, and lengthen his Wind.

When and how to Stive your Game-Cocks.

And after the Cocks have been Sparred (as aforeſaid) let them take a Diaphoretic, or Sweating after this manner: Firſt take off their Hutts, and then immediately Stive them very cloſe in ſome warm Room, where no penetrating Air can come to annoy the heated Cocks; for otherwiſe they will looſe the benefit of their Sparring

Sparring, and in theſe Stoves you muſt leave the Cocks for three or four, ſix, eight or ten hours together, according as the Cocks are in Strength and Fleſh ; for a poor weak Cock will not bear long Stiving : And now in the Cock's abſence let their Pens be cleaned, and freſh Straw be put into them, and if need be, you may then alter their Perches higher, or lower, or remove them to another ſide of the Pen, as you ſee cauſe for it.

And when you take the Cocks out of the Bags or Stives, lick with your Tongue the Eyes and Heads of them, and ſo put them into their Pens, and ſo fill their Troughs with Cock-bread cut into ſmall ſquare bits, and ſteept in Urine, that ſo the Cocks may feed whilſt 'tis warm ; for this will cauſe their Scowering Pills to work and greatly cleanſe, and purify both the Head and Body of your Cock.

Of

Of the ſeveral Ways of making Cock-bread.

NOW to make Cock-bread aright, and at the ſame time, to have it ſuit with every Feeder's humour, is a thing altogether impoſſible ; ſeeing we are *quot Homines tot Sententiæ.*

How to make the ordinary Cock-bread.

Some fancy that the common Bakers Bread is as good as any : Others will tell you that there muſt be ſome *Bean*, or *Peaſe* Meal put amongſt it, and a few *Anniſeeds*, with the Whites of Eggs ; and this is the beſt Cock-bread ſay they.

Another Receipt for to make Cock-bread.

But there are others will tell you, that you muſt take of *Wheat*, *Peaſe*, *Beans*, and *Oates*, of each a like quantity in *Meal*, or *Flower* finely dreſſed, with the Juice of *Liquoriſh*, and a little *Sack*, or ſtrong *Stale-Beer*, with Brown *Sugar-candy*, *Anniſeeds*, *Carroway-ſeeds*, mixed together : But if the Seaſon be very hot, you muſt

put *White-Wine* inſtead of *Sack*, and as much common Ale as will make the Flower up into Dough, with the Whites of ten or twenty Eggs, and a Yolk or two amongſt them ; and this they take to be the beſt ſort of Bread for to Feed Cocks withall.

How to make the beſt ſort of Cock-bread.

But in my opinion there is yet a better ſort than any of theſe, and I make it thus, *viz.* of the beſt and fineſt Wheat-meal, I take three-quarters of a Peck, and one quarter of Oat-meal of the pureſt ſort, and firſt of all mix theſe well together ; then add the Whites of twenty new laid Eggs, four Yolks, an Ounce of the beſt extract of *Liquoriſh*, and as much of the fine Powder of brown *Sugar-candy*, a quarter of an Ounce of *Anniſeeds*, and *Carroway-ſeeds* groſsly bruiſed, with a Lump of good ſweet *Butter* as big as your Fiſt at leaſt, and a quarter of a Pint or more of the beſt *White-Wine* that can be bought for Mony, with three or four

ſpoon-

ſpoonful of Syrup of *Clove-gilliflowers* put into it, and a *Date* or two, with ſome Candyed *Eringo Roots* cut very ſmall ſo that it may be ſcattered into every part, and let theſe Ingredients be all well worked together, in ſome Tub, or Pan fit for that purpoſe, with your hands, until you are ſatisfied that they are thoroughly incorporated.

Then take *Wood-ſorrel*, *Ground-Ivy*, *Featherfew*, *Dandelion*, and *Burrage*, of each a like quantity, and diſtill them in a cold Still, and add three or four Spoonfuls of the pure Juice of *Lemmons* to every Pint of diſtilled Water ; And add as much of this Julip as will ſerve to make all into a good ſtiff Paſt ; let this be wrought quick, and made into little flat Loaves, which ought to be a day or two old before you ſpend them, and then being well raſped, or pared, ſo that none of the burned or brown outſide remain, they may then be cut and given to the Cocks, as aforeſaid.

And this I take to be the beſt and fitteſt ſort of Bread for Engliſh Cocks, it being a Food that does greatly ſtrengthen and exhillate them, and at the ſame time cools, and keeps them Temperate in their Bodies, provided you have regard to the Seaſon; for in Hot Weather, or where the Climate is more than ordinary hot, there muſt be more of the cooling Ingredients added; and fewer, or a leſs quantity of thoſe that are hot in Nature.

Of other Food uſed by ſome for Game-Cocks.

THere are thoſe that think the fineſt Wheat-bread, with good ſtore of hot Spices in it, and ſoaked or ſprinkled only with the ſimple Water or Juice of *Woodſorrel* to be the beſt of Food for a Cock.

And ſome again heed not what Bread they have, ſo that they have but good ſtore of Fleſh to give their Cocks, crying that up for the beſt and ſtrongeſt Food. But

But in my opinion theſe extreamly err in fancying Fleſh to be Food fit for a Cock, theſe carniverous Sots underſtand not the nature of theſe valiant ſort of Birds, who force ſuch unnatural food upon them, nor is it poſſible for a Feeder to make a Cock ſtrong, and at the ſame time Fight cool, and be long winded with ſuch ſort of Diet.

How a Game-Cock ſhould be Fed before he Fights.

BUT ſuppoſe your Food to be either this, or that, or what you like beſt, be it what it will, yet is this on all hands agreed on by every one that pretends to Feeding, that the laſt Meal you give your Cock before he Fights muſt be common Manchet-bread, ſuch as the Bakers uſually make, with good ſtore of Barm therein, and what they ſell at every Market; for this ſort of Bread is ever very light and goes off quick, it being ſoon digeſted, leaves the Craw

or Crop of a Cock fine and clean, and ſo it ought to be when your Cock Fights, for otherwiſe you do in effect but throw your Cock away.

And tho' 'tis highly neceſſary to bring a Cock into the Pit clean and empty, yet you may, and ought to give him five or ſix little bits of par'd *Pippin* put into a Cup, or Diſh of Spring Water, out of which let him pick the Apple, and drink a little if he pleaſes, of the Water: Or, for want of Apple, you may (as I ſaid before) give your Cock a bit of White-bread, and drink after it, and ſo turn him into the Pit to try his Fortune.

What Water is beſt for Cocks.

SOme Feed their Cocks twice a Day, and others three times, and Water them after each Feeding, and that for the moſt part with common Fountain Water; but the following *Barly Water* is the beſt, eſpecially in the Summer, and indeed all the Year long, where the Climate is a-

ny

ny thing hot and Sultery: As in *Jamaica, Madera, Bermudas, Guardeloope,* and *Pettiguavers.*

For this Water excellently cools, and wonderfully refreſhes the Vital Spirits that labour under Heat; it has alſo a cleanſing quality, and is highly reſtorative where Feaveriſh Diſtempers afflict the Body; and therefore to be preferred before ſimple, or Common Fountain Water.

To make Barly Water.

Take *Barly* and boil it in Spring Water, and let it ſtand to cool and ſettle; then pour off the Settlings, and give this to your Feeding-Cocks.

Concerning the Method of Trimming Game-Cocks.

AND for the Trimming of a Cock it is a thing ſo well known to almoſt all that ever ſaw a Cock of the Game, that I need not ſay any thing of it, but leave every Country to follow their own Faſhion; for I muſt tell you that I have known

ſome Feeders more angry when they have been told this, or that way is beſt, or looks moſt genteel, than a *Spaniard* when he is told of his Trunk Breeches, who ſtrait claps his hand upon his Sword cries, *Sacrament, me breech te boon breech by Gar, dam your French Faſhions.*

Of the Heeling of Game-Cocks.

AND for the Heeling of a Cock there can no certain Rule be given for that, becauſe the way, and manner of ſome Cocks Fighting requires their Heels to be ſet extreamly high ; others exceeding low : This Cock muſt have his Heels fixed narrow, and that Cock as wide as they can be ſet.

And therefore I would let no man Heel a Cock, unleſs he has firſt ſeen him Sparr, and know his way of Striking, let him be never ſo great an Artiſt at Heeling, I heed not that; but think him fitteſt to Heel the Cock, that fed him, and has ſeen him Sparr.

The

The Methods of Matching Cocks.

THen as for Matching of Cocks, 'tis now all the Mode of late to Weigh them, ſo that be they thick or thin, long or ſhort, they take their chance, falling in according to Weight, let their Shape be never ſo different.

But in my opinion, the good old way of Matching ſmall Cocks is ſtill the beſt way, and moſt exact; to Meaſure them by Hand, and Match by the Eye (if the Handler have any Skill) will make them fall in tite: Beſides, a Cock that is well fed ſhall Weigh far lighter than one that is ill Fed, or not Fed at all.

Concerning the right Handling of a Cock.

I Come now to the Handling of a Cock, wherein a great deal of Art is required; and divers niceties, which ought very curiouſly and ſtrictly to be obſerved, and carefully per-

performed alſo: For there is both a Lady's Hand, and a Hawk's Eye, a Fox's Head, and a Lion's Heart, to be found in every skilful Handler; and he that is wanting in any one of theſe, is a Perſon very unfit to have the management of a Cock, when turned into the Pit to Fight.

For a rough Handler will make his Cock affraid of him, and perhaps make him run away when he is ſorely wounded, rather than ſtay to be griped by ſo heavy a Hand as his Maſter carries.

And if he be a Man that is not quick in diſcovering of Wounds, be they either given or received by his Cock, he can never play his Bird of War to the beſt advantage.

And farther, if he be not cunning in his Handling, either to get, or ſometimes to avoid a Blow, and that without being diſcovered by the adverſe party, he is unfit for the Office.

And laſtly, he muſt be bold, and fearleſs, and as well Patient as Painful and Laborious in handling his Cock

Cock to the laſt, for whilſt there is Life, there is Hope, if your Cock be true bred, and Fortune has more than once turn'd the Scale, and given the Victory to the dying Cock even at the laſt minute of the Battle.

How the Wounded Cocks, after Battle, ſhould be ordered.

AND now in the next place we come to direct you how to order your Cocks after they have fought.

Firſt then, as ſoon as the Battle is over, and you have taken up your Cock, whether he has won or loſt, (if you deem him worth the ſaving) forthwith ſearch him all over, and as many of his Wounds as you can find, you muſt ſpeedily ſuck very clean, and by that means draw all the Blood and clutters out of them, then waſh him with warm Urin, and give him a Roll or two of your beſt Scowering, and ſo ſtove him up very ſoft, and warm for two or three

three Hours or more, and then drawing him out of the Bag by the Fire ſide, or ſome other warm place, where no Air can come to harm him, gently open his Wounds, and pour into them the Oyl of Turpentine, and let it be ſomewhat more than juſt warm, yet let it not be ſcalding hot neither ; and be ſure to ſee that it be the beſt of the ſort : Then give him five or ſix bits of ſoft White-bread diped in warm Urin.

And then gently take your Wounded Cock and put him into the Bag again, and let him not feel the Air till his ſwelling be abated, and his Wounds well nigh Healed up, which will be in a day or two's time, provided his Wounds are not too deep, and numerous : And then you muſt put him into the Pens, where you may feed him twice a Day with Bread or Barly, and once a Day dreſs his wounds, as aforesaid, until he is fully cured ; and then turn him out to his Walk to Graſs, and pick Gravel till you find him fit to ſend to

Feed

Feed again for another Battle.

A Remedy for any Green Wound in Cocks.

THE Powder of *Herb-Robin* is rare good for a Green Wound in a Cock, if after you have bathed his Wounds in Stale, you put it into a fine Ragg, and pounce the Sore therewith.

Another for the ſame.

THE greater Wild *Daiſy* is alſo a Wound Herb of good reſpect both for inward, and outward Wounds ; and uſed in Oyls, Ointments, and Salves : the Leaves being bruiſed, and applied to any part that is Swell'd and hot, doth diſſolve it, and temper the Heat.

An excellent Remedy for the Eyes.

THE Juice of *Daiſies* droped into the running Eyes of any Cock

Cock that hath received a blow, or bruiſe therein, ſeldom fails to heal them, and that quickly too.

Another for the ſame.

GRound-Ivy is an admirable thing for a Cock that is hurt in the Eye; take a Leaf or two, and chew it in your Mouth, and ſpit the Juice into the Eye of the Wounded Cock, and it will not only cure the preſent Malady, but prevent the growth of Films, Haws, Warts, and the like, which are things very deſtructive to the Eye-ſight.

Another for the ſame.

TAke alſo young Hazell Twigs, and cruſh them hard, and they will yeild a Drop or two of Juice, and with this dreſs your Cock's Eye that has any Haw, Web, or Film a coming, and it will ſpeedily Cure it.

An eaſy Purge for Cocks.

Dandelion or *Piſs-a-bed*, vulgarly ſo called, is of an opening, cleanſing quality, and therefore a good Cock-herb, if rightly applied, and fitly made uſe of ; but ſome Feeders make too much uſe of it.

For the Gangreens and Cankers in Cocks.

THE Meal, or fine Flower of *Darnell* is very good to ſtay Gangreens, and other ſuch like fretting, and eating Cankers, and Putrid Sores, which often happen to old Wounded Cocks, towards their later end.

An excellent healing Remedy for Wounds.

THE Juice *Fox-glove-leaves* is of rare uſe to cleanſe, dry, and heal any Sore in a Cock of the Game, be it a green Wound, or of long ſtanding.

A great Cooler for Feeding Cocks.

Sorrel is moderately cold, and dry, fomewhat binding, and cutteth tough humours, it cools the Blood and greatly provokes Appetite, and therefore is a rare thing for a Cock in his Food when the Seaſon is hot, it being one of the beſt Coolers that I know.

A Remedy for the Looſeneſs in Cocks.

THE Leaves of *Box* are very binding, and of Singular uſe for Cocks of the Game that are troubled with a looſneſs, and too much Scowring, provided you powder the Leaves, and mix therewith a tenth part of the inner Bark of *Elm-tree :* Sift this Powder thro' a fine Searce, and make it up into Pills with Sweet Butter, and give it the Cocks in two or three Pills as big as large Filberts, and let them Faſt an Hour or more after them before they Eat or Drink.

For

For the Flux.

IF your Cock, or Hen of the Game have the Flux, which often times happens thro' the overmuch eating of moiſt Meat, I have known them divers times cured by giving them ſcalded Peaſe Bran, and truly 'tis a Medicine that ſeldom fails to effect the Cure.

When a Cock is Coſtive.

F*Eatherfew* opens and Purges well, and is therefore to be made uſe of for Cocks that are apt to be Coſtive, and too much bound in their Bodies.

How to Cure the Roup.

ANother Malady there is that theſe Birds of Game are incident to, which is commonly called the Roup, which like to a filthy Boyl, or ſwelling you may diſcover upon the Rump of your Cock, or Hen Chick-

en ; and it will in a ſhort time (if not prevented) corrupt the whole Body.

You may firſt perceive it by the ſtaring, and turning back of the Feathers that are about it ; and if you purpoſe to cure it, you muſt ſpeedily pull away thoſe Feathers, and lay the Place open ſo as to thruſt out the Core ; and then Syringe the place well with Salt and Urin, after which lay ſome Tarr thereon, and the Cure will be effected.

How to cure the Pipp.

THE Mallady called the Pipp, proves of dangerous conſequence if not ſoon lookt after, for they are hereby rendred unable to Feed ; and unleſs ſpeedily prevented by uncaping the Tongue, they pine away, and die for want of Food, tho' ſet in the midſt of a Grainery.

And therefore when you ſee a White Scale upon the tip of your Cock or Hen's Tongue, you muſt with

with a Needle, or your Thumb-nail get it clean off, and rub the end of the Tongue well with Salt.

To Kill Lice in Cocks or Hens.

LIce alſo are an infirmity common to Cocks and Hens, and uſually proceeds from ſome one of theſe three things, either thro' Poverty, and want of Food, or elſe from foul corrupt Food, or for want of Sand, Aſhes, or the like, to bath, and cleanſe themſelves in.

Now they are cured by taking Pepper pounded ſmall, and put into warm Water with which let them be well waſhed.

Of the Gout and its Cure.

THE Gout is a certain ſwelling either in the Claws, or Ball of a Cock's Foot ; it is ſometimes hard, and ſometimes ſoft and pooſy, but ever hot and burning, and is a very troubleſome Malady, and ſeldom

ſo thoroughly cured as to render the Cock fit either to Fight or Breed after.

'Tis a hereditary diſtemper in ſome Cocks ; but in others it proceeds from Wounds and loſs of Blood, eſpecially when once they begin to grow old, and Humours to grow predominant in them.

I ſhall here for the Readers benefit mention a trial of Skill which I made upon a very choice Cock of my own, thro' the help and aſſiſtance of a Gentlewoman whoſe extraordinary Skill both in Phyſic and Surgery was well known and greatly Celebrated by all that were acquainted with her.

Now the Cock was about two Years old, freſh, fine, and in good tune when I fought him, and he came of a rare Breed, and was delicately Shaped, and ſparr'd as fine as moſt Cocks that ever I ſaw in all my Life; but for all this meeting with a blow in the Throat at his firſt coming into the Pit which choaked him up, and being alſo veined in the Foot at

the ſame time, from which wound he loſt a World of Blood, he was at laſt very hardly, and with much difficulty beaten.

However I was offered half a Peice for him as he lay in my Hands ſeemingly Dying, but I refus'd it: And taking him Home obſerved the aforementioned method, ordering him as is directed for Cocks after Battle, (*Page* 67) by which means I ſoon recovered him and (as I thought) had him perfectly well.

But truly it was not long before I found I was under a miſtake, for my Cock began to Limp, and grow Gouty, by reaſon of a Humour which fell down into that Foot in the which he was veined, and had loſt ſuch a great quantity of Blood when he fought laſt, ſo that in ſhort it began to heat and ſwell betwixt the Claws, yet was it not very dicernable.

However I took him up, and having carefully ſearched his Foot, and for ſome Days applied Shoe-makers-Wax to it, but finding it not to do,

and the Gout growing worſe, I took him to the ingenious, and moſt Skilful Gentlewoman aforeſaid, who promiſed me to do her beſt for the recovery of my valiant Cripple.

At firſt ſhe Poultiſed his Foot, and after that applied the moſt violent drawing Salves, but to no purpoſe; for neither *Venice Turpentine*, nor all the Vehement things that ſhe could think on would do any thing; until ſhe applied *Burdock* Leaves to it, in the nature of a Poultiſe, and that, after ſome time did draw it, and brought away abundance of viſcous, putrified Matter.

After which ſhe tried to heal the Wound, but to no purpoſe, for it broke out again, whereupon I took out the Ball or Frog of the Cock's Foot, and the Gentlewoman healed it again, but it ſwell'd after this and broke of it ſelf, and run at ſeveral Places, ſo that I was forced a ſecond time to cut out the Ball of my Cock's Foot, and then after long Salving, with the Application of ſome drying

Powders

Powders it was healed up firm and well, and his Foot proved ſound and good to his dying Day, but was greatly Clubbed and ugly to look upon, yet did he breed good Chickens and fought divers admirable Battles after this, to my great delight and ſatisfaction.

And this I only mention by the way, to ſhew that if you will but uſe care with ſome little coſt, and add thereto Pains and Patience, moſt Diſtempers will be found curable.

Of the Black Sickneſs.

THE *Black Sickneſs* is a Diſeaſe ſo highly deſtructive to Cocks of the Game, that Men try in vain to cure that incurable Diſtemper, when once it is got into the Blood, and the Cock or Hen begins to blacken about the Head, and grow Sick withal, no Medicine as yet was ever found that could retrieve a Cock from Death in ſuch a condition.

And therefore to free the Royal

Warrior from a Languiſhing Death, when once he appear to be contaminated and over run with this irreſiſtable Plague, called the *Black Sickneſs*, I adviſe that with a tender hand you ſpeedily ſtrike off his Head, and thereby reſcue him from thoſe fatal ills which this mortal contagion moſt aſſuredly brings along with it.

And thus I think I have gone thorough the whole Syſtem of Cocking, with as much plainneſs and brevity as might be, without omitting any one particular that is neceſſary to be underſtood by the Ingenious Cock-Maſter.

A

POEM,

IN

PRAISE

OF THE

Fighting-Cock.

By the Author of this Treatiſe.

OF all the numerous Feathered Flock
Which Jove *Created, the brave Fighting-*Cock
Contains within his truly generous Breaſt,
By much, a Nobler Courage than the reſt.
When firſt he ſpies the Bloody trampled Pit,
He claps his Wings, and Crows for Joy to ſee't:

And

And when ſet down, he proudly ſtruts along,
Careleſs, and unconcern'd at the great Throng;
Who Shouting clap their Hands to ſee him go
So eagerly to meet his threatening Foe;
Whoſe lofty Crimſon Front when firſt he ſpies,
He like the Bazilick *thro' his ſwoln Eyes*
Darts Flames of Fury, Death, Revenge, & Spight,
And thus enrag'd begins the Bloody Fight.
Then on they fall, and like two Dragons meet,
Rending the Air both with their Wings and Feet,
Untill at length grown mad, they ceaſe to Ward,
And deſperately cloſing ſcorn their Guard.
Then, like to Thunder, fall their dreadful Stroaks,
And as that ſlives the ſtrong and mighty Oaks,
So their fierce whirling Blows ſharply ruſh thro'
The tender Fleſh, and ſlive the Bones in two.
Whilſt from their gaping Wounds there ſtreams a flood
Which like a Deluge drowns the Pit with Blood:
The wounded Warriors reeling to, and fro',
At length grow Faint, and ſtagger at each Blow:
But bravely ſtill maintain the doubtful fight,
Altho' the one want Limbs, the other Sight:
'Till faithleſs Fortune *with a fatal Frown,*
Sends giddy Chance to pull the deſtin'd down.
Whilſt cruel Death *in Crimſon Colours meets*
The mangled Carcaſs, and in Purple Sheets,
Preſents him ſtrait before the Victor *dead;*
Who views him ſtretcht upon his Bloody Bed,
And hears the Crowd with Shouts Ring his laſt Peal,
Which mournful Eccho Chimes his dying Knell:

And

And Praiſes pierce the Skies from the vaſt Throng,
Who ſhout the Victor *as he Rides along.*

Some LINES upon two COCKS.

By Sr. *Rich. Blackmore.*

———*Two Valiant Cocks in* Albion *bred,*
That from the inſulting Conqueror never Fled:
A Match in Strength, in Courage, and in Age,
And with keen Weapons Arm'd, alike engage
Each other they aſſault with furious Beaks,
And their twin'd Plumes diſtain with Bloody ſtreaks,
Each nimble Warrior from the Mat-ment bounds,
And wing'd with death, their heels deal ghaſtly Wounds
By turns they take, by turns fierce ſtroaks they give,
And with like Hopes, and Fears for Conqueſt ſtrive.
Both obſtinate maintain the Bloody Field,
Both can in Combat Die, but neither yield.
Till with their bleeding Wounds grown weak & faint,
And choak'd with flowing gore they gaſp and pant:
Diſabled on the Crimſon Floor they lie,
Both Honour win, but neither Victory.
And now the throng ruſh in, the Combat's done,
By neither Hero loſt, by neither won:
And rending with their Shouts the tortur'd Air,
Back from the Pit the Combatants they bear

A

POEM

WRIT UPQN

COCKING.

By a Perſon of Honour.

THE lureing Falkner flies over the Downs,
And Tom *the Huntſman with his deep mouth'd*
Joler, & Smooker *make the Woods to ring,* (*Hounds,*
Whilſt Poacher *with his* Light-foot *in a String,*
Goes ſilent on, beating each Hedge and Buſh,
With a deſign to ſnap poor frightful Puſs :
And next Jockey *comes prancing o'er the* Plain,
Guiding his Courſer with an Artful Rein ;
And off the ſcoreful ſpeed he ſcours away,
And whips, and ſpurs in hopes to gain the Day.
Whilſt th'wanton Swains *they Dance, and piping ſit,*
As if in Amrous Airs were only Wit.

Next

Next theſe Gameſters at Cards and Dice we place,
The Rook, the Silver Fool, and Sattin Aſs,
That play the Knave, and Cogg a Dye to make
Themſelves a gainer by the ill got ſtake.
Theſe are all ſports that little profit bring:
But noble Cocking *is the Game I Sing,*
Worthy the greateſt Captain, greateſt King.
This Paſtime I above the reſt prefer,
In that it fits a Man for Peace or War.
Cocking *breeds courage where before was none,*
And makes men Stout and die that us'd to run,
Cocking *breeds cunning too, makes men contrive,*
And puts them in a way to live and thrive:
And if the Pious Indians *ſay true,*
It makes Men Witty, Good, and Godly too.
Who then would Hunt and Hawk their time away,
Or at the Cards, or Dice ſit down to Play;
When they by powerful Cocking, *this may do,*
Gain Courage, Wit, and Wealth, and Heaven too.

A

Copy of Verſes

UPON TWO

COCKS FIGHTING.

By Dr. *R. Wild.*

GO you tame Gallants, you that have a Name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game;
That have brave Spurrs to ſhew for't, and can Crow,
And count all Dunghill breed, that cannot ſhow
Such painted Plumes as yours; which think't no vice,
With Cock-like-Luſt to tread your Cockatrice.
Tho' Peacocks, Woodcocks, Weathercocks you be.
If y'are not Fighting-Cocks y' are not for me.
I of two Feather'd Compatants will Write;
And he that means to th' Life to expreſs their Fight,
Muſt make his Ink the Blood which they did ſpill,
And from their dying Wings muſt take his Quill.

No

NO fooner were the doubtful People fet,
The Match made up, and all that would had bet;
But ſtrait the ſkilful Judges of the Play
Brought forth their ſharp heel'd Warriors; and they
Were both in Linnen Baggs, as if 'twere meet
Before they Dy'd, to have their Winding ſheet.
Into the Pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the Stage, the Norfolk *Canticleer*
Looks ſtoutly at his ne'er before ſeen Foe,
And like a Challenger began to Crow,
And clap his Wings, as if he would diſplay
His Warlike Colours which were Black and Grey.
Mean time the wary Wisbich *walks and breaths*
His active Body, and in Fury Wreaths
His comely Creſt, and often looking down,
He whets his angry Beak upon the Ground.
This done they meet, not like that Coward Breed
Of Æſop's; *theſe can better Fight than Feed:*
They ſcorn the Dunghill, 'tis their only Prize,
To dig for Pearls within each other's Eyes.
They Fought ſo nimbly that 'twas hard to know,
To th' Skilful, whether they did Fight or no;
If that the Blood which dy'd the fatal Floor,
Had not born Witness of't. Yet Fought they more:
As if each Wound were but a Spur to Prick
Their Fury forward, Lightnings not more quick,
Or red, than were their Eyes: 'Twas hard to know
Whether 'twas Blood or Anger made them ſo.
I'm ſure they had been out, had they not ſtood
More ſafe, by being fenced in with Blood.

Thus

Thus they vy'd blows ; but yet (Alas !) *at length,*
Altho' their Courage were full try'd, their Strength,
And Blood began to Ebb. You that have ſeen
A Watry Combat on the Sea between
Two angry-roaring-boyling Billows, how
They march, and meet, and daſh their curled Brow ;
Swelling like Graves, as tho' they did intend
T'intomb each other e'er the Quarrel end ;
But when the Wind is down, bluſtring Weather,
They are made Friends, and ſweetly run together ;
May think theſe Champions ſuch ; their Blood grows low
And they which leapt before, now ſcarce can go :
Their Wings which lately at each blow they clapt,
(*As if they did applaud themſelves*) *now flapt ;*
And having loſt th'advantage of the Heel,
Drunk with each others Blood, they only reel ;
From either Eyes ſuch drops of Blood did fall,
As if they wept them for their Funeral.
And yet they fain would Fight ; they came ſo near,
Methought they meant into each other's Ear
To whiſper Wounds ; and when they could not riſe,
They lay and lookt Blows int' each others Eyes.
But now the Tragic Part ! after this fit,
When Norfolk *Cock had got the beſt of it,*
And Wisbich *lay a Dying, ſo that none,*
Tho' ſober but might venture Seven to One ;
Contracting, like a dying, Taper all
His ſtrength, intending with the Blow to fall :
He ſtruggles up, and having taken Wind,
Ventures a Blow, and ſtrikes the other blind.

And

And now poor Norfolk *having loſt his Eyes,*
Fights only guided by Antapathies:
With him (Alas!) *the Proverb holds not true,*
The blows his Eyes ne'er ſaw his Heart muſt rue.
At length by chance he ſtumbled on his foe,
Not having any power to ſtrike a blow,
He falls upon him with his wounded Head,
And makes his Conqueror's wings his Feather-bed:
Where lying ſick his Friends were very Charie
Of him, and fetcht in haſt Apothecary;
But all in vain his Body did ſo blister,
That 'twas uncapable of any Clifter;
Wherefore at length opening his fainting Bill
He call'd a Scriv'ner and thus made his Will.

INprimis, *Let it never be forgot,*
My Body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,
Decently to be boil'd, and for its Tomb
Let it be buried in ſome hungry Womb.
Item. *Executors I will have none,*
But he that on my ſide laid Seven to One:
And like a Gentleman that he may live,
To him and to his Heirs my Comb I give,
Together with my Brains, that all may know,
That oftentimes his Brains did uſe to crow.
Item. *it is my will to th' weaker Ones*
Whoſe Wives complain of them, I give my Stones;
To him that's dull I do my Spurs impart;
And to the Coward I bequeath my Heart:
To Ladies that are Light it is my will,
My Feathers ſhould be given; and for my Bill

I'd giv't a Taylor but it is ſo ſhort,
That I'm afraid he'll rather curſe me for't:
And for the Apothecaries fee who meant
To give me a Cliſter, let my Rump be ſent.
Laſtly, *because I feel my Life decay,*
I yield and give to Wisbich *Cock the day.*

A

Copy of Verſes

Writ upon a

COCK-MATCH.

By a Lover of the *Royal Sport.*

THe Clock has ſtruck four, let's hasten away
And five hunder'd or more as I hear ſay;
Are gon to the Pitt, to ſee Dragon *Fight,*
With Tom *of Ten Thouſands, Tabering White.*
And now the Red Pile, *that kills at a Hol't;*
He Fights with Barr-Dun, *that won the* Baye Colt.
And York-ſhire Gray; *which at Newmarket Fought,*
And won the two Guinnies laid to a Groat;
Muſt Fight with Old Cuckoo *this afternoon,*
And kills him out right, I hold you a Crown.

Now

Now, now they come in, what odds of the Match,
Dragon *he's Wounded, the very firſt Touch.*
Ten Guinnies to Five, well Fought little White;
Dragon's *choak'd he's choa'd and quite of his Fight,*
Come twenty Guinnies to two for a Bett,
I hold any Mony ſett Feeder ſett.
Hold, hold ſtand off he fights, what odds-E'gad.
*A-ho-*Dragon *has pind him though the Head.*
Come, come my Lord, the Guinnies thirty two
And ſixteen more Sir John, *I claim of You.*
Theſe were rare Cocks indeed, what odds o'th next
Pile *for a Piece, yet if* Barr Dunn *be vext;*
And come to Fight in blood a holt or two
All's up, for then he'll ſtrike him through, and through.
There have at all they Fight it rarely well;
Which has the odds? Egad no one can tell.
Come Gold to Silver, I am for the Dun,
Pox of ill Luck, all's up, the Pile *has won;*
And but in time, for he has loſt an Eye;
And bleeds ſo faſt, he cannot chuſe but Dye.
Well, Captain come the next, what odds of theſe
Ten pound of Either Side, take which you pleaſe,
I'll be for the New market Gray, *'tis don.*
And I am for the Cuckoo, *cauſe he'll run;*
What run away? no, no Sir, only Shift,
Duggle, and dowke, turn to the right, and left.
You know Sir, how, yes I know what you mean;
But what if after all, your Dugler's *Slain,*
I'll venture that, and bett you Ten Pound more:
'Tis done my Lord, I hold you Six, to Four.

I take it. Cuckoo *Fights it rarely well*
So there Lad, there, the Gray *begins to swell.*
Well he's a rare Revenging Cock indeed
And Spight of Fate he makes the Cockoo *Bleed,*
See how he Storms the Subtile headed Thief;
Yet after all he'll run him out o'ns Life.
No, no, the Cuckoo *sinks, his race is run,*
The Battle's Ended and the Gray *has Won.*
And now they Shoutings rise, and march away,
Each takes his Bottle, and so Ends the Day.

FINIS.